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"Unidentified New Mexico Cowboys"
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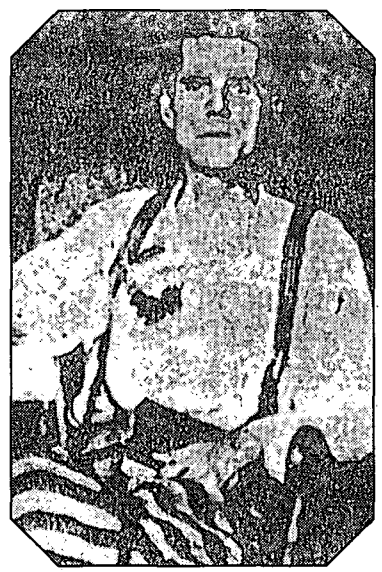

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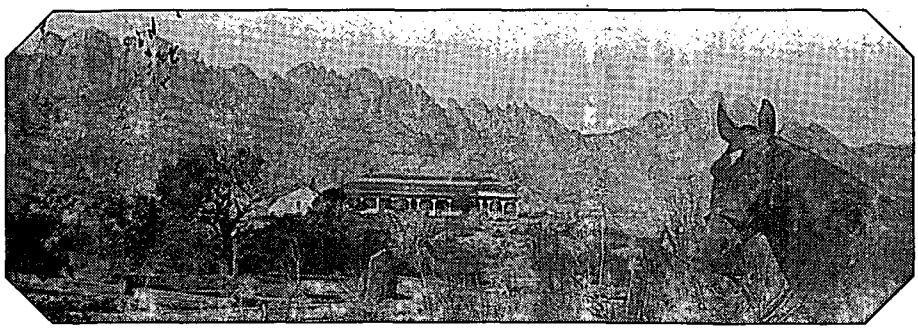

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Marcus Huff
Editor

Ann Ruyle
Production Coordinator

Steven K. Gragert
Publisher & Advertising Director

Charlotte Brown
Circulation Manager

Linda Matheson
Circulation Assistant

Steven Cundiff
Financial Controller

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, ya'll!

It has been brought to my attention that I've never formally introduced you to the unsung heroes here at Western Publications. Being a small publishing house with a massive workload (sixteen magazines, half a dozen books, an extensive internet site, and numerous promotional items per year), I am constantly amazed that we can actually compete with such a small staff.

The backbone of our staff is comprised of three very special gals; there is a certain symmetry to the fact that all three are Oklahoma-bred and "country" to the core. (Of our total staff of five, these three enjoy country living; Steve and I are "city slickers.") They complement the product they produce in a unique way, exemplifying the "true" West in both their professional and personal lives. So, without further ado, allow me to present the Ladies of *True West.*

Let's start with the unofficial mom here at Western. Charlotte Brown has been with us since 1985. A "reverse Okie" (she migrated here from California), Charlotte is in charge of circulation. She makes sure your books and magazines arrive safely in your mailbox, a Herculean task that involves wrestling with surly computer programs and the United States Postal Service, day after day and sometimes on weekends. The mother of two handsome sons and wife of a hard-working gent named "Buster" (that's right, Buster Brown; I'm not making this up), Charlotte spends her free time on her farm near Coyle, Oklahoma, tending to straying cattle and her "greatest joy," granddaughter Makaila.

Linda Matheson joined the Western family around the time I slipped into the editor's chair, the summer of 1995. Linda has the unenviable chore of keeping track of each and every subscription. Hers is the voice you most likely hear when you give us a call; she's quick to the phone and always eager to talk to our readers. Born and raised right here in Stillwater, Linda now resides on a ranch in historic Ingalls with her husband, Roger. With a herd of over a dozen horses, they lead trail rides in and around Ingalls, pointing out every rock, tree, and site indicative of the area's outlaw past. In true Oklahoma spirit, Linda views work as relaxation, spending her free time wrangling her neighbor's cattle and breaking horses.

Ann Ruyle is the youngest filly at Western, our latest addition, and my editorial partner in crime. Ann designs the magazines, has constructed our extensive web site (www.westernpublications.com), and has taken on the thankless chore of indexing every blasted article, photo, and illustration to ever appear in our mags. Originally from Harrah, Oklahoma, Ann and her husband, Stephen, a carpenter and avid hunter, moved to Stillwater to attend Oklahoma State University. Besides being an obvious asset to Western, Ann is kept busy with a new home in the country, twin daughters, and a two-year-old rascal of a son. If that weren't enough, she's the only person here that has to share an office with me—not an enviable position to be in, I assure you.

So, the next time you give us a call or drop us a note, be sure and say hey to the gals at *True West,* and while you're at it, thank them for the great job they do. Just don't give 'em any funny ideas about keeping me "in line." I've already taken to hiding the pica rulers to keep my knuckles from getting smacked on a daily basis.

Marcus Huff

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APACHE KID'S DAUGHTER

This letter is in regard to Lynda A. Sánchez's two-part article, "The Search for the Apache Kid's Daughter," which recently appeared in *True West* magazine.

While many excellent articles appear in *True West*, this one in particular, struck me as being exceptionally outstanding. The high quality of author Sánchez's research (having Dr. Helge Ingstad's book translated into English; two field trips to Mexico to interview those who remember Lupe Fimbres Muñoz; a trip to the Northwest to retrieve artifacts, etc.) is indicative of great dedication on her part.

In addition, her personal insights concerning the subject matter, explanations of Spanish terminology, and lucid, as well as beautiful, writing style are greatly appreciated. I, for one, believe, based on the evidence she presents, that Lupe Fimbres Muñoz was indeed a daughter of Apache Kid. The photographic evidence alone is most compelling.

Lynda A. Sánchez continues in the great tradition of Eve Ball. She is a great asset to *True West* magazine and to the field of western history. Thank you so much for publishing her intriguing article.—*Frank Puncer, Tucson, Arizona.*

Red Horse's Testimony

As I do with every issue of *True West*, I read my January 1999 issue from cover to cover, savoring every word and photograph. Once again I was pleased with the contents of the magazine...except for one thing.

While reading Thom Hatch's article entitled "The Bravest Man the Sioux Ever Fought," I noticed something that sent me scurrying to my stacks of documents I use for research when writing a story or article about our American western history.

In the last paragraph of Mr. Hatch's article he quotes the Lakota Chief Red Horse in defense of his article, which states that Captain Miles Keogh was considered by the Native Americans who participated in the battle of the Little Bighorn to be the "bravest man" they had ever encountered in battle. I immediately noticed a discrepancy in his quotation and searched through my aforementioned papers.

It seems that Mr. Hatch had omitted a significant part of Red Horse's testimony when editing his article. Allow me to include Mr. Hatch's paragraph concerning this quote, followed by the actual testimony as recorded at the Cheyenne River reservation in the year 1881. You will note that some very important information has been omitted. I have emphasized the pertinent sentences or phrases which point to Mr. Hatch's errors in his article. Mr Hatch's paragraph:

> And in 1881, the respected Sioux chief of the great Council Lodge, Red Horse, offered his praise when he said: "The Sioux for a long time fought many brave men of different people, but the Sioux say that this officer was the bravest man that they ever fought. This officer wore a large brimmed hat and a deerskin coat. This officer saved the lives of many soldiers by turning his horse and covering their retreat. Sioux say that this

SADDLE PALS By Graham Ward

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officer was the bravest man they ever fought."

Text of the actual testimony:

> *Among the soldiers was an officer who rode a horse with four white feet.* The Sioux have for a long time fought many brave men of different people, but the Sioux say this officer was the bravest man they had ever fought. *I don't know whether this was General Custer or not. Many of the Sioux men that I hear talking tell me it was. I saw this officer in the fight many times, but did not see his body. It has been told me that he was killed by a Santee Indian, who took his horse.* This officer wore a large brimmed hat and a deerskin coat. This officer saved the lives of many soldiers by turning his horse and covering their retreat. Sioux say this officer was the bravest man they ever fought. *I saw two officers looking alike, both having long yellowish hair.*

As evidenced by Mr. Hatch's omission of key statements it would be quite obvious that Captain Keogh would not be the officer described in the testimony of Red Horse. Red Horse stated that the officer rode a horse with four white feet. Comanche, Keogh's mount, had *no* white feet. If a Santee Indian killed the officer in question and took his horse this would also eliminate Keogh from the candidates. Comanche was found after the battle, wounded but alive.

We can only assume that Mr. Hatch used a testimonial from an Indian survivor of the battle and combined it with a readily recognizable name of a Seventh Cavalry officer to create an interesting, yet factually incorrect, article.—*Bob Sullivan, Denver, Colorado.*

Author's Response: Mr. Sullivan asserts that my article about Myles Keogh, "The Bravest Man the Sioux Ever Fought," was constructed around a partial quote by Chief Red Horse, and therefore is a complete fabrication.

In addition to Red Horse, many other Indian eyewitnesses, including Two Moon, Gall, Wooden Leg, and Little Soldier, to name a few, verify the information contained in my article. Here are some basic points from their eyewitness accounts:

1) The location of Keogh on the field—where the officer held his men in a line—matches the place where "the bravest man" made his last stand.

2) The physical descriptions, including his clothes and down to his black mustache, clearly identifies Keogh. No other officer in the command fits more than one of these areas. And that one area, which is uniform, was also worn by George Custer, Tom Custer, and William Cooke, who were on Custer Hill and do not fit the physical description or location, and possibly Thomas French, who at the time was dug in with Reno some four miles distant and survived the battle.

3) The actions of this particular man during the battle are consistent with those described in my article, such as bravely riding his line atop Comanche under withering fire, propping himself up on one elbow to fire his pistol, and being the final one to die.

4) The time frame of these actions—late in the battle—refer to Keogh's position, which was struck by Gall and a group of warriors from the direction of the Little Bighorn River and crushed against Crazy Horse and his detachment which had already dispatched those on Custer Hill as he and his men swept along Battle Ridge. This assault by Gall and Crazy Horse ended the battle—at Keogh's position.

5) Wounds suffered by both Comanche and Keogh show that the captain was mounted on that particular horse when shot in the knee.

6) The Indians did not mutilate this cavalryman due to either or both his bravery and the religious medal he wore.

7) Many of the most respected researchers of western history, some of whom and their works are listed below, were convinced from the complete body of testimony that Myles Keogh indeed was "The Bravest Man the Sioux Ever Fought."

In explanation of the discrepancies as Mr. Sullivan sees them:

1) Red Horse claimed that the "bravest man" rode a horse with four white feet, which some might contend would point to Custer. One of the respected historians listed below—who had been superintendent of Little Bighorn (then Custer) Battlefield, as well as a member of the Seventh Cavalry, and who interviewed many participants—believes that Red Horse was asked leading questions that prompted the reply referring to Custer. The Indians had no idea that they were fighting Custer; they thought Crook had returned after regrouping from the Rosebud battle a week earlier. Custer's horse, Vic, by the way, had only three white feet, and Custer's hair had been cropped short at that time and could not have been described as "long yellowish hair."

This respected historian further theorizes that taking into account the testimony regarding the incredible amount of dust that rose from the field, coupled with the sweat that coated the horses, it would not be out of the question that this dust would cling to the wet bodies, especially the feet, thereby creating the illusion of four white feet.

Another theory, my own, proposes that, by understanding Keogh's fighting spirit, it is entirely possible that once he had been shot from Comanche's back he pulled himself or was helped aboard another horse—perhaps with four white feet—in order to better command his troops, and could have conceivably been shot from that one as well.

2) Mr. Sullivan states that a *Santee* Indian killed the officer in question, which would eliminate Keogh, who I wrote was killed by a Sioux. A Santee *is* a Sioux! The Santee Sioux were one of the Sioux tribes camped in Sitting Bull's village on June 25, 1879. According to every testimony, Keogh was killed by a Sioux—whether it was a member of the Santee, Blackfeet, Minniconjou, Hunkpapa, or any one of the other

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Sioux tribes on the field that day.

3) My shortening of Red Horse's quote was pure dramatics. It is an excellent quote that has many times been edited to fit space requirements. And, it would not have been used had it not been clear from the testimony that Keogh was the subject of Red Horse's *two* statements. Other excellent quotes, such as those from Two Moon and Wooden Leg, for example, could have been used instead with almost as much dramatic impact.

In addition, Red Horse's account was only one of many, and it cannot be expected that every detail could be corroborated. I will reiterate: interpreters had a habit at times of asking leading questions, willfully changing testimony to fit their own agenda, or simply misunderstanding the intentions of their subject. This was particularly true following the Little Bighorn battle when Indians, for fear of reprisal, offered information, whether or not true, that they thought the interviewer wanted to hear. The death of Crazy Horse, for example, was instigated by an interpreter who purposely changed the words of that great warrior.

Also, the tactics employed by Plains Indians on the battlefield makes it difficult to piece together one consistent story of any event. Unlike the U.S. Army, the Indians for the most part did not fight as a unit, and this individual movement caused certain testimony or time frames at first glance to appear contradictory or inconsistent.

As veteran researchers as well as readers of *True West* know, western history is by necessity based on a blending of fact, legend, and myth. Very few stories can be based on fact alone due to an absence of such a rare animal untainted by prejudices or embellishments of yesteryear; rather they are interpreted by utilizing every available source in order to piece together the most plausible premise. I wrote in the introduction of my book, *Custer and the Battle of the Little Bighorn: An Encyclopedia* (McFarland, 1997) that "To study the Battle of the Little Bighorn is to enter a maze without a verifiable outlet." Myles Keogh is simply one of the tributaries that comprise this maze.

The points that I covered above, as well as others, can be found in depth with associated sources within the pages of the following material, which is listed in no particular order as I move to my bookshelf. *Legend into History: The Custer Mystery* by Charles Kuhlman (Harrisburg: The Stackpole Press, 1951); *Keogh, Comanche and Custer* by E.S. Luce (Ashland, Oregon: Lewis Osbourne, 1974); *Custer's Fall, The Indian Side of the Story* by David H. Miller (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1985); *Wooden Leg, a Warrior Who Fought Custer* by Thomas B. Marquis (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1931); *Custer and the Epic of Defeat* by Bruce A. Rosenberg (University Park: Pennsylvania State Press, 1974); *Comanche: The Horse That Survived the Custer Massacre* by Anthony A. Amaral (Los Angeles: Westernlore Press, 1961); *The Little Big Horn, 1876: The Official Communications, Documents, and Reports* by Lloyd J. Overfield (Glendale, California: A.H. Clark Company, 1971); *Archeological Insights into the Custer Battle, and Assessment of the 1984 Field Season* by Douglas D. Scott and Richard A. Fox (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1987); *The Honor of Arms* by Charles L. Convis (Tucson: Westernlore Press, 1990); *The Custer Myth: A Source Book of Custerania* by W.A. Graham (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: Stackpole, 1953).—*Thom Hatch, Calhan, Colorado.*

H.E. Lautaret in Hobart, OK

H.E. Lautaret had a law office on the second floor over a bank in Hobart, Oklahoma, in the very early 1920s. I remember his telling that he always kept a loaded shotgun by his desk, at the request of the bank president, so he could check things out from the window at a signal from the bank that they had been robbed.

One day the bank was hit and the robber was felled into the dust of the street. The thing that impressed Mr. Lautaret was that the robber pulled himself up onto his elbows, guns in hands, and continued to shoot even though he was mortally wounded.

I don't remember any other details. Do any of your readers have any info that would fill in the details?

We look forward to each issue of your magazine. Good reading.—*Laurette Patrick, Vista, California.*

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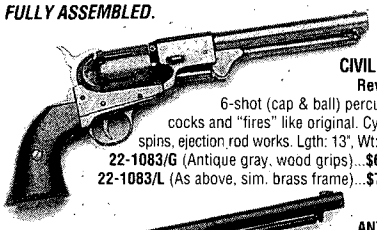

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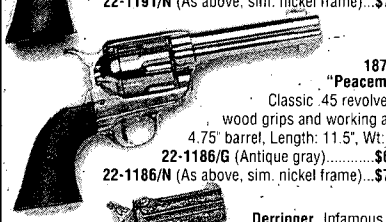

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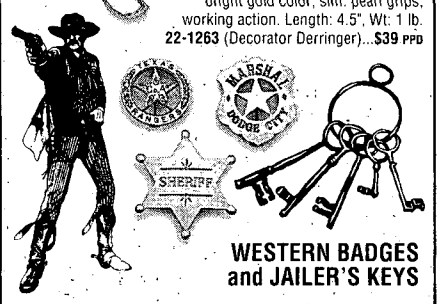

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ROUNDUP

THE PONY EXPRESS STATUES

By Allen P. Bristow

The history of the West is replete with adventure and daring, but few other exploits have captured America's imagination more than the Pony Express. Our nostalgia for its short but dramatic existence has spawned many restorations and reenactments, including a St. Joseph to Sacramento ride that is repeated each year by members of the National Pony Express Association. Probably the most permanent recognition of this historic era are the six commemorative statues along the old trail.

The eastern terminus of the Pony Express Trail was St. Joseph, Missouri. Amid speeches and cannon salutes in front of the Patee House, J.W. Richardson swung into the saddle and rode west on April 3, 1860. His was the honor of being the first westbound rider.

On the eightieth anniversary of the first Pony Express ride a statue was unveiled to celebrate the event. Sculptor Hermon A. McNeil created this first of six statues in 1940. The horse appears to leap ahead with the encouragement of the rider, who swings a quirt past its flank. This monument is located on the corner of Tenth and Frederick streets in St. Joseph, Missouri.

Closely connected with Pony Express history is the nearby Patee House, which now houses a museum. This building, located at Twelfth and Penn streets, contained the original St. Joseph Pony Express headquarters and today houses the Pony Express Historical Association. Any visit to the statue should include a tour of the Patee House Museum. Take U.S. Highway 36 west to the Tenth Street exit, then six blocks north and two blocks east.

Missouri Division of Toursim

The first Pony Express statue was erected at St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1940.

Call (816) 232-8026 for further information.

The first major remount station west of St. Joseph was located at Palmento City, which later became Marysville, Kansas. In 1985, 125 years after the Pony Express began operations, a bronze statue and monument was dedicated at the Pony Express Park in Marysville. Executed by Dr. Richard Bergan, this twelve-foot high statue depicts its horse at such a fast gallop that only one hoof touches the ground. Realism is enhanced by its setting among natural foliage. Pony Express Park is located on U.S. Highway 36 at the western edge of Marysville. No trip to view the statue would be complete without visiting the Pony Express Barn and Museum, the only

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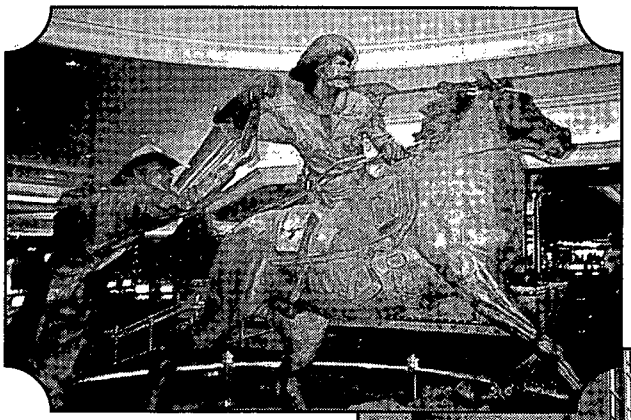


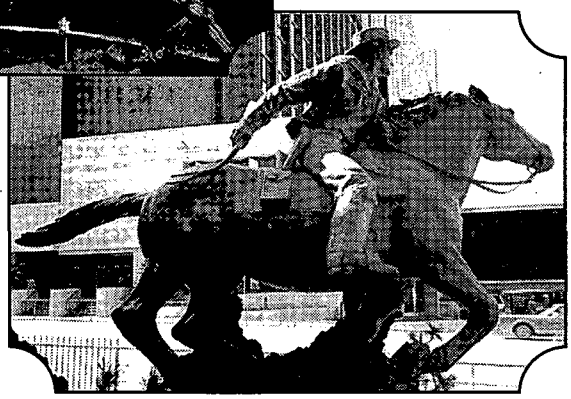
Author's Collection
This statue is at the casino entrance of the Reno Hilton, Reno, Nevada.

original home station along the Pony Express Trail that is still on the original site. This museum is in the center of Marysville at 106 South Eighth Street and is open 9 AM-5 PM daily, May through November. Call (913) 562-3825 for additional information.

The Pony Express Trail near Salt Lake City, Utah, came through Emigration Canyon onto the flats. The "This Is the Place Park" at that location was selected as the site for the sixth and most recent Pony Express statue.

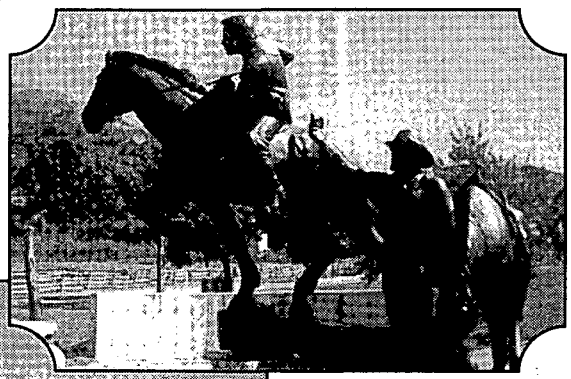
Dedicated on July 25, 1998, the sculpture was completed by the sons of Avard Fairbanks, who previously completed a plaster of paris prototype. Fairbanks is also known for his Pony Express statue at Harrah's Casino on the California-Nevada border near Lake Tahoe.

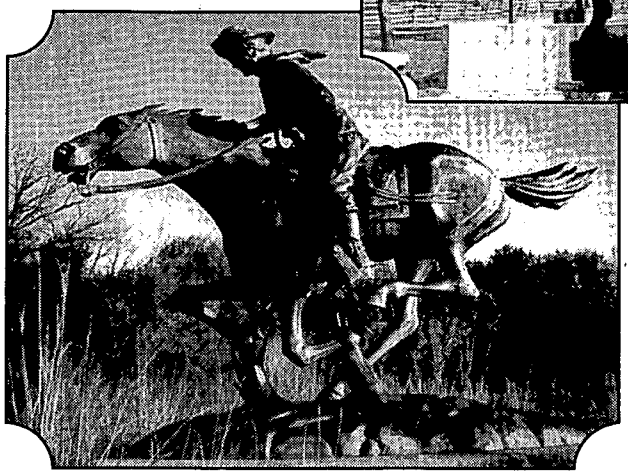
The Utah statue is twice life-size and presents a bareheaded rider swinging into the saddle after a



Author's Collection
This statue completed in 1963 is at Harrah's Lake Tahoe Casino, located near historic Friday's Station on the California-Nevada border.

Author's Collection
The most recent statue, erected in 1998, is located at Salt Lake City, Utah.





Courtesy Barl Fenstermacher
The statue at Marysville, Kansas, is set in a background of natural trees and grass.

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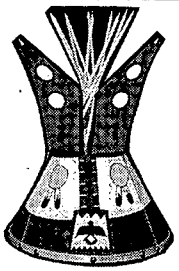

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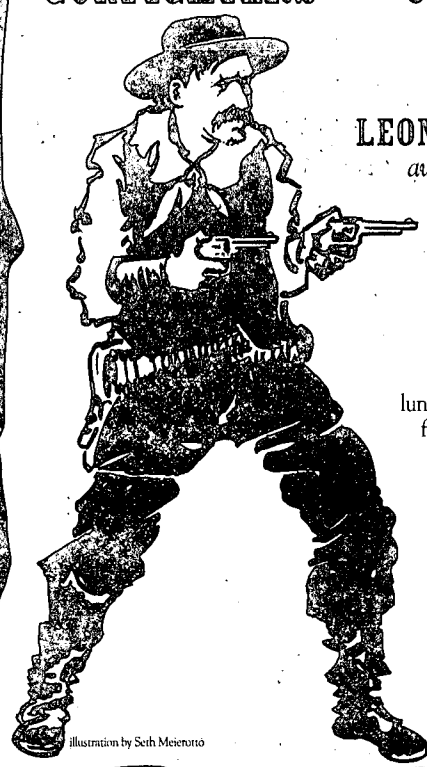

illustration by Seth Meierotto

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quick horse change. To the rider's rear is the station keeper, holding the rider's exhausted horse.

The "This Is the Place Park," previously the Pioneer Trail State Park, is located east of Salt Lake City on Highway 186 at Emigration Canyon. The park exhibits a re-created pioneer community and commemorates the Mormon's arrival with the nearby "This Is the Place" monument. Call (801) 584-8391 for hours and information.

While not actually on the old Pony Express Trail, the statue at Nevada's Reno Hilton Hotel and Casino is probably viewed by more people than any of the others. Located just inside the main entrance, its position commands the large casino. The statute was personally commissioned by Baron Hilton in 1994 to honor Nevada's role in the Pony Express adventure.

This statue presents a rider mounting a fresh horse. A station keeper is cast in the act of handing a mail pouch to the rider. The sculptor was Douglas Van Howd, whose studio is located at Auburn, California. To insure accuracy he studied the original saddle, mail pouch, and tack exhibited at the Cody Museum in Wyoming. Complementing this work are his statues of wild mustangs, just outside the main entrance. The Reno Hilton is just east of U.S. Highway 395 at the Mill Street exit. For additional information on the Reno Hilton call (702) 789-2000. History buffs visiting Reno should include a visit to the Nevada Historical Museum at 1600 N. Virginia Avenue. On display are a variety of artifacts related to Nevada's pioneer past, and a research library containing records dating back to 1859. For information on hours and admission call (702) 688-1190.

The first major remount stop east of Sacramento was known as Friday's Station and it was located on the southern tip of Lake Tahoe. Today, just one mile from the site of Friday's Station, Harrah's Lake Tahoe Hotel and Casino dominates U.S. Highway 50 at the California-Nevada border. It was designed with

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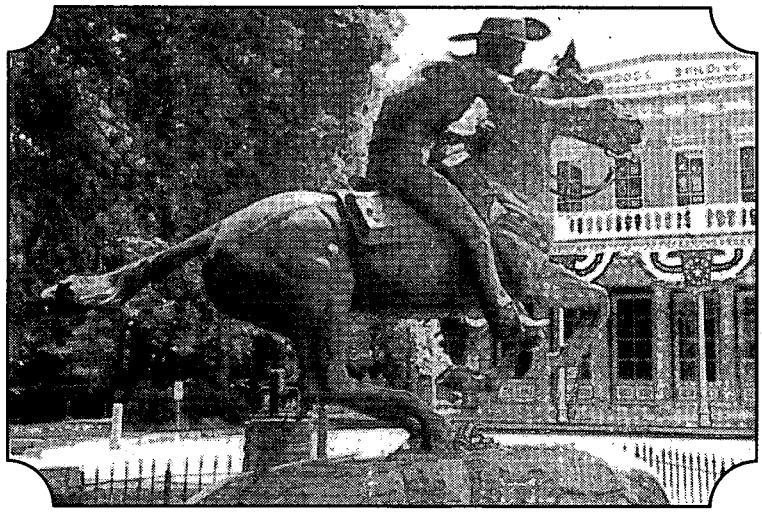
Sierra Nevada history and environment as a theme. One feature is the Pony Express rider's statue in a park-like casino entrance alongside the highway. The bronze statue of a galloping rider was designed by sculptor Avard Fairbanks, executed in Italy, then installed at Harrah's. The plaque establishes the monument as a National Pony Express Trail Marker and was dedicated on April 4, 1963.



Courtesy Kate Bristow

Old Town, in Sacramento, California, presents its statue in a complex of related museums.

Also honoring the Pony Express era is a twenty-five-foot mural depicting its route. It was painted by Robert Preston in 1972 and installed in Harrah's main bar, which was named "Friday's Station." Later, it was decided to move the mural to the eighteenth floor restaurant that was then named "Friday's Station Steak and Seafood Grill." The mural was broken in three pieces during the move. Restored, it now hangs in the restaurant's private dining room. Viewers may be challenged to find the clever repairs.

The western end of the Pony Express Trail was actually Sacramento, California, although the mail packets traveled to San Francisco by riverboat. As a part of the National Bicentennial celebration in 1976, a statue was dedicated to honor the contribution of the Pony Express. This ten-foot high rider was the work of sculptor Thomas Holland and it sits in Sacramento's "Old Town" across from the Hastings Building, which was the western headquarters for the Pony Express.

Old Town is a complex of restored historic buildings, museums, restaurants, and shops. Take the J Street exit from Interstate 5 and follow the signs. While in Old Town, western history buffs will also enjoy the Wells, Fargo History Museum (916) 440-4263 and the California Military History Museum (916) 442-2883. Visitors should call to determine current hours.

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JOHN W. POE WAS ABOVE ALL AN ADVENTURER, AND DURING HIS LIFE HE WORKED AS A DAY LABORER, WOOD CUTTER, FARMER, BUFFALO HUNTER, LAWMAN, MERCHANT, AND BANKER.

Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Libraries
John W. Poe, date unknown.

OLD WEST ADVENTURER JOHN W. POE

By Allen G. Hatley

Most of all it was his resolute, and unwavering will to succeed that allowed Poe to accomplish a good many things in his life that those much smarter, better educated, and much quicker, simply failed at.

John W. Poe must have been the envy of most of the young men he met in later life. With no family connections, inheritance, little education, and no real training except for what he gained from experience and living a "hard life," he would become a friend and confidant of the rich, the famous, and the powerful. After a dangerous, hard, and mostly transient life, he married and settled into a very comfortable and respected position in Roswell, New Mexico.

John W. Poe not only survived, but prospered as a buffalo hunter for five years in Texas in the 1870s, when dozens of other hunters lost their lives. He was just a few steps away from Billy the Kid that night in Fort Sumner when "the Kid" was shot and killed by Pat Garrett. In fact, it was John Poe who, as a result of a tip from an informant, brought them together. It was Poe who was elected sheriff in Lincoln County, New Mexico, after Pat Garrett initially decided not to stand for

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reelection and then failed to get his party's nomination.

It was John W. Poe who had a prisoner taken from him and then killed by a vigilante mob, while he served as a young deputy in Fort Griffin, Texas. Poe later served as a constable in Shackelford County, Texas, before moving to Wheeler County, where he lost an election for sheriff by just one vote.

It was John Poe who in his second term as sheriff of Lincoln County, resigned and laid aside his guns and badge forever, in order to enter the business community in New Mexico Territory. This was surely not an easy choice for a young man who had risen to a top job in law enforcement, to simply walk away and begin something new and untried—but it was typical of John W. Poe.

John W. Poe was born October 17, 1850, on the Poe family's prosperous tobacco farm in Mason County, Kentucky. Following the Civil War, the Poe family, still financially stable, planned to have John manage the farm after he gained a suitable education. But Poe had already begun to dream about another life, one not so well planned and not so safe. That new life, he believed, could only be found out West.

"John W." had almost reached his twentieth birthday in the summer of 1870, when having failed to successfully run away from home several months earlier, he and a similar thinking cousin, Munson L. Harvey, slipped out of the community and made their way to Missouri. There they stopped at another cousin's farm to work for a while to earn some money for the trip west. It was here that Harvey decided to return home. But Poe crossed the Missouri River to find another job, digging potatoes.

Poe had brought very little money with him, only a desire to make his life out West and succeed in the ventures he undertook. After several weeks he heard that there was better paying work available for someone like himself. John Poe was young, strong, eager, unskilled, and unworldly. He went to Kansas City, where he took a job laying tracks for the Santa Fe railroad, west across Kansas. It was hard, hot work and John passed his free time mostly by himself, reading and dreaming about the next leg of his journey. Above all, he stayed away from others so that he would not squander his time or his money drinking, gambling, and fighting.

After several months with the Santa Fe track crew, and being satisfied with his progress, he returned home to visit his worried family. A few months later he was back west of the Missouri River, near Topeka, laying track for the Santa Fe and saving his money so he could work his way farther west and into the unknown.

In the track-laying crew with Poe was a young Texan named Dan Hudson. The two became friendly, and Hudson entertained John with stories about Texas; the most appealing were the stories about the easy money that could be made hunting buffalo. "Why, there are thousands and thousands of buffalo roaming the country, like great herds of cattle," Dan Hudson told Poe. John Poe liked the idea, telling Hudson, "It's just what I've been wanting to do all my life." So the two made their plans and saved their money for the trip into Texas.

Several months later, the two men quit their railroad jobs and rode off toward Fort Griffin, Texas. Fort Griffin was located in northern Shackelford County and had become a major supply and commercial center for buffalo hunters in northwest Texas. It was 1872, and those hunting buffalo were always in harm's way. Roving bands of hostile Plains Indians, snakes, sickness, weather, and accidents in the isolation of northwest Texas took their toll on the hunters.

Almost immediately after the two young men arrived in Fort Griffin, Dan Hudson settled into the violent lifestyle and gave up the idea of hunting buffalo. Poe, however, found himself repulsed at the goings on in Fort Griffin: gambling, whores, drinking, and violence. As a result the hunting partnership dissolved and Poe was again on his own looking for another opportunity and another partner.

Within a few days he rode out of Fort Griffin looking for an opportunity to better himself. He found work at the Barton Ranch, on nearby Sweetwater Creek. In the next few days, John Poe heard about another young man, a fellow Kentuckian who had settled nearby. Poe paid a visit to the fellow on his first day off work and met John C. Jacobs, or "John J" as he was called. Jacobs told Poe that he was attempting to develop and cultivate 160 acres of land in order to gain title. He had two oxen, a rough shack to live in, and too much work for one man to do.

Both men took to each other immediately and decided that a partnership to farm the land could be profitable. Individually, neither had much of a chance except working for someone else. Both had been farmers and knew something about growing crops. Corn became their crop of choice. Dry-land farming was, and still is hard, risky work around Fort Griffin. Luckily, there was enough rain that year to make the corn grow. Unfortunately, one day something else came out of the sky—a swarm of grasshoppers, reducing the crop to nothing in only a few hours. Before nightfall, John Jacobs and John Poe were wiped out.

Neither wanted to return to Fort Griffin, nor did they want to work for somebody else, so they did what they knew best—they looked around for a way to make a living. Both could shoot a rifle, but neither had either the equipment or the money to outfit themselves to hunt buffalo. Instead they decided to start with smaller game. After taking all their money to buy supplies and ammunition, they rode west to hunt wolves and foxes. Six months later, they had assembled almost five hundred pelts. As the weather grew colder, they pulled up stakes and returned to Fort Griffin, where the skins sold for $489, a large sum for both men.

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Luck was with them when the military commander hired Poe and Jacobs to supply the fort with firewood that winter. What could have turned into a winter spent eating and drinking up their profits, became profitable in itself. The two Johns signed an agreement with Fort Griffin to furnish sixteen hundred cords of wood at a price of one dollar per cord. A few days later they moved thirty miles south, to a largely wooded area, and began cutting.

Several months and sixteen hundred cords of wood later, John Poe and John Jacobs returned to Fort Griffin to collect their money. It was the spring of 1873, and both men realized that they had to strike out and seriously hunt buffalo, or give up the idea forever. Far too many others were already in the field; almost four million buffalo would be killed that year.

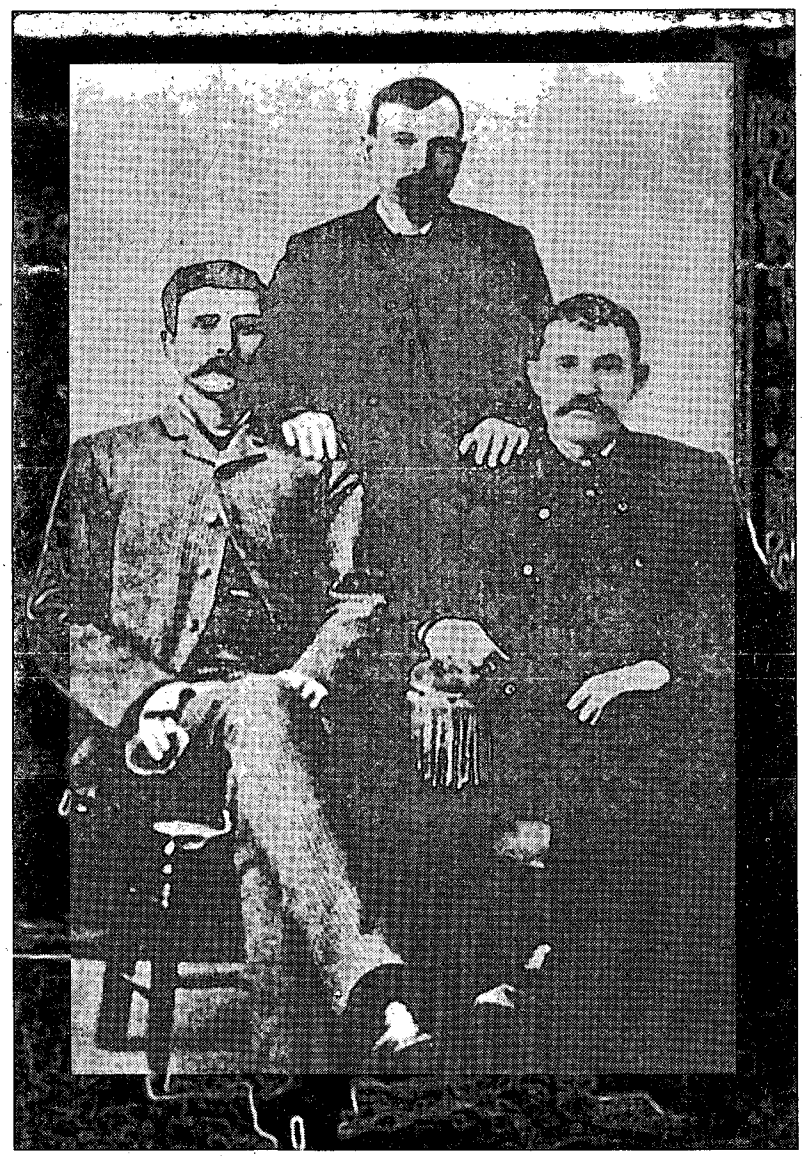
Few worried about the demise of the buffalo. Cattlemen complained that the vast herds competed with their cattle for grass. Most everyone recognized that without the buffalo, the Indian was doomed. Above all they feared and wanted the Indians gone from Texas and the Great Plains, and it was easier killing off the buffalo herds, than killing off the Indians one at a time.

It was not incidental that the killing of the buffalo also provided work and money to the hordes of uneducated and jobless young men left over from the Civil War. Those taking jobs as buffalo hunters in the 1870s were not that different from most of those building the railroads and digging in the mines.

A few days after being paid for their wood-cutting, Poe and Jacobs invested part of their money in a wagonload of supplies, two Sharps rifles, and ammunition. They rode away from Fort Griffin in the company of a third man, Joe McCombs, who drove the wagon and would act as skinner. They made their first camp only about sixty-five miles from Fort Griffin and spent the next two months killing some four hundred buffalo.

But success brought with it competition, for when the hides were carried to Fort Griffin for sale, others found out where the two Johns were camped and moved into that area to hunt. Poe and Jacobs then moved several hundred miles farther west and made a new camp in an area with even more buffalo.

As a result of Indian attacks on buffalo hunters at Adobe Walls in west Texas and across the high plains, the Army launched a punitive expedition against hostile Indians, called the Red River War, from mid-1874 through mid-1875. This campaign drove large groups of hostile Indians out of this portion of Texas, opening up the area to settlement. This did not, however, stop an occasional small Indian raiding party from coming out of Indian Territory to steal horses and to kill and rob. The Indian was always a threat to the isolated hunter and homesteader.



Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Libraries

Three sheriffs of Lincoln County, New Mexico: Pat Garrett, John W. Poe (seated), and James Brent.

Buffalo hunting was a tiring process. Track the herd, get upwind unseen, and begin the killing. As the buffalo herd grazed into the distance, the skinner in his wagon would go among the dead buffalo and skin fifty to sixty carcasses a day. Then he would load the hides on the wagon, and haul them into camp. There the hides were staked out to strip the excess flesh and let them dry in the sun. Then they were rolled and packed for shipment to such terminals as Fort Griffin. Each night the hunters had to make more ammunition from lead, powder, and shell casings, sharpen skinning knives, cook food, and keep an eye out for trouble.

It was just as well that Poe and Jacobs had spent much of their time away from civilization because for almost ten years, until Governor

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Richard Coke took office in January 1876, Reconstruction Texas had been governed by what the average citizen considered an unpopular, largely un-elected, and corrupt civil government. As a result, illegal and unlawful groups of vigilantes, oftentimes in concert with local law enforcement, were active in Comanche, Coryell, Erath, Llano, Burnet, Montague, and Shackelford counties.

Unpredictable weather, little summer rain, and generally poor land for cultivation of crops made Shackelford County, like most of northwest Texas at the time, cattle country. In 1876, while John W. Poe was out buffalo hunting, the citizens of Shackelford elected an initially efficient sheriff, John Larn. Along with a well organized vigilante group, Larn had kept large groups of rustlers out of the county. But as oftentimes, the theft of cattle, in smaller numbers, still took place.

In March 1877, John Larn resigned as sheriff of Shackelford County; at the same time Poe and Jacobs moved even farther from Fort Griffin to hunt buffalo. Early that season, they had camped on the banks of Clearwater Creek and later moved west near the future site of Colorado City, in Mitchell County. Hunting was so good, that they now employed three skinners.

The Poe and Jacobs buffalo hunting partnership lasted from 1873 until spring 1878, when they brought 1,700 buffalo hides to Fort Griffin. The five years they had hunted together were the peak years of buffalo hunting across the plains of North America. It was estimated that up to ten million buffalo per year were killed during this time. But by 1878, both Johns had seen enough buffalo to last a lifetime and called it quits. They were both quite wealthy for their age and station in life. After a move to nearby Albany, Texas, John C. Jacobs settled down and got married.

Poe and Jacobs' first venture after selling the last buffalo hides was to purchase 1,400 sheep and graze them on land near Albany. The newly married Jacobs decided he could look after the sheep, and Poe went searching for more adventure in Texas. He returned to Fort Griffin and accepted a position as a deputy United States marshal.

Western Publications Archives

Billy the Kid.

After Deputy U.S. Marshal John W. Poe had been in Fort Griffin for a short time, he also took the job of town marshal to supplement his pay. It was just as well that Poe had found work, for a few months later, during the severe winter of 1878-1879, most of his 1,400 sheep died of cold and starvation.

Groups of Texas Rangers led by Captain G.W. Arrington had been in Shackelford County several times before; however, there are no available records that indicate they took any actions against vigilante, or mob rule. The arrival of almost thirty Texas Rangers, during the summer of 1877, commanded this time by Lieutenant G.W. Campbell, changed the situation.

As the result of orders from Adjutant General William Steele, the Rangers took Twelfth District Court Judge J.R. Fleming into their confidence concerning an investigation of the vigilantes. It is unclear if Judge Fleming was a member of the vigilante group; however, we do know that the judge wrote the governor and, soon after, Lieutenant Campbell and almost twenty of the Rangers suddenly were transferred out of the area. Only Sergeant J.E. Van Riper and six men remained.

John Larn, the former sheriff, and some of the most influential citizens, including the larger Shackelford County cattle ranchers and probably the current sheriff, were members of the vigilante group. A short time later, Larn and his chief deputy, John Selman, were accused of cattle theft. A month later, Larn and Selman apparently agreed to give evidence to the Texas Rangers about their, and others', vigilante activities.

John Larn did not live long after this agreement with the Rangers was made. Shackelford County Sheriff Bill Cruger obtained arrest

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warrants for Larn and Selman, allegedly without the knowledge of the Texas Rangers. John Larn was arrested on June 22, 1878; he probably thought the arrest was on behalf of the Texas Rangers because he gave up his gun and went off to jail without a fight. John W. Poe was reportedly a member of Cruger's posse and took part in Larn's arrest.

John Selman was luckier, he observed the arrest and escaped to New Mexico within the hour. That night Deputy Sheriff John W. Poe was in charge of the jail in the county seat of Albany where John Larn was incarcerated. Poe was concurrently serving as a deputy U.S. marshal, town marshal of Fort Griffin, and a deputy sheriff, a situation not unusual for lawmen at the time.

It is likely that if Poe was not actually a member of the vigilante group, some of his later actions would indicate that he had strong sympathies for their actions.

Poe committed the most elemental dereliction of duty made by any peace officer: he surrendered his prisoner to a mob.

Regardless, on the night of June 22, 1878, Poe committed the most elemental dereliction of duty made by any peace officer: he surrendered his prisoner to a mob. John Larn was not taken from the jail but was shot to death in his cell. There is little doubt that his killers were probably the same men who had ridden with him on numerous vigilante raids.

There is some doubt as to exactly *who* killed John Larn, but there is no question as to why he was murdered. The vigilantes wanted him silenced, forever. After the murder, the remaining Texas Rangers were threatened if they continued their investigation of the vigilantes. Three weeks after John Larn was murdered, John Poe was appointed constable in Precinct #2 in Shackelford County. At the time there was no constable in Precinct #2 because the former elected constable had not qualified for appointment after the elections of 1876.

A few weeks after the murder of John Larn, Texas Ranger Captain G.W. Arrington again visited Fort Griffin and reported to his superiors in Austin that "I am satisfied that at one time nearly everybody belonged to the mob—but good men are now satisfied that law and order can be maintained without the lynch law." It was an interesting comment to say the least, since just a few weeks before a mob of "good men" had murdered the former sheriff in his own jail.

The murder of John Larn silenced all those who knew and might testify against the other members of the vigilante group. It was a cover up, more than any possible retribution for Larn's cattle rustling. The vigilantes' actions were obviously very successful.

More than a decade later John Selman was arrested by Texas Rangers at Fort Davis and returned to Shackelford County for trial as a cattle rustler. As the Rangers rode back to Fort Davis, Selman was released from jail, given a horse, and sent in another direction by local law enforcement. Selman was allowed to ride away because in the intervening years he had not talked about the vigilantes, had not returned on his own, and those still powerful in Shackelford County wanted to avoid a public trial.

The whole vigilante affair, including the killing of John Larn and the obvious complicity of leading citizens in the community, divided the citizens of Shackelford County for years. In November 1878, John W. Poe was elected constable of Precinct #4 giving him yet another law enforcement position.

Late in 1879, John W. Poe left Fort Griffin and moved to the Texas panhandle. He settled in Mobeetie, then the county seat of Wheeler County, Texas. It was not long before he took a job as deputy sheriff. Wheeler County was the first county organized in the Texas Panhandle and the first elections had only taken place a year earlier, in November 1878.

Mobeetie had a history very much like Fort Griffin. It was initially a town catering to buffalo hunters on the southern plains. Nearby Fort Elliott offered the town protection from Indians and guaranteed a brisk trade in whiskey, women, and vice of most any kind. The first elected officials in Mobeetie did little to bring law and order to the community, and Poe felt he had a good chance to be elected sheriff in the next election.

Poe lined up his backers, and it seemed to most that he would be the next sheriff in Wheeler County. He had the support of several local ranches, ready to send their cowboys into town to vote for him. The only problem was that on election day, they did not think John could be beat, so they did not turn out the vote. John W. Poe lost by just one vote.

Having run for sheriff and lost, John Poe did not stay employed as a deputy sheriff for very long. He was off again looking for work and adventure. He soon found it as a detective with the Panhandle, or Canadian River, Cattlemen's Association. Billy the Kid had come to Tascosa, Texas, in late 1878 with stolen horses from New Mexico. The problem was that when "the Kid" left Texas, he not only had the money from the sale of the stolen New Mexico horses, but he also drove a number of stolen Texas cattle back to Lincoln County, New Mexico, to sell.

The Panhandle Cattlemen's Association decided to agressively pursue Billy. They already had an agent, Frank Stewart, assisting the law in rounding up several rustlers in Lincoln County. In November 1880, they sent a dozen men to assist New Mexico lawmen in capturing Billy the Kid. Upon their

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John and Sophie Poe on their wedding day, May 5, 1883.

arrival in New Mexico, Lincoln County Sheriff Pat Garrett selected four cattlemen association detectives to aid in the hunt. These men, along with Garrett's deputies, captured the Kid in December and placed him in jail. He was then tried, convicted, and sentenced to hang in May 1881.

A short time before, John W. Poe had replaced Frank Stewart as the Panhandle Cattlemen's Association representative in New Mexico. Although there were many more cattle rustlers at large, the biggest threat to Texas cattle had already been captured. A few weeks later, the threat was realized again when the Kid killed two men and escaped from jail. John Poe was immediately appointed a "special" deputy sheriff and joined Sheriff Pat Garrett's manhunt. At this time most lawmen believed Billy had ridden over the border and was living safely in Mexico.

Poe was residing in the community of White Oaks, a mining town in Lincoln County. Early one morning in July 1881, he was awakened by an informant who told him Billy was staying near Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Pat Garrett did not believe the story when he was told that the Kid was still in the territory. Having no other lead, Garrett and Deputy John Poe picked up another deputy, Kip McKinney, and the three rode toward Fort Sumner.

John Poe, being a stranger in Fort Sumner, was selected to go into town and look around. Later, Poe rejoined Garrett and McKinney and told them he believed the Kid

Sophie—John W. Poe's Chronicler

Most of the details of what we know about John W. Poe, except for his adventures chasing Billy the Kid, we know because of his "Nickel-Plate Lady," as his wife of forty years was once called. Sophie Alberding Poe, with the help of Eugene Cunningham, wrote what she called an "autobiography" in 1936, entitled *Buckboard Days*. In Sophie's "autobiography" the main character was not herself, but John W. Poe.

You only have to read her so-called autobiography to quickly understand that she was completely dedicated to John. He was her love, her protector, and her idol; yet, her writing was not so flattering as to be disbelieved, nor was it less than truthful.

John W. Poe has never had another book written about him, probably because he walked away from the fast and dangerous life at exactly his "middle year," age thirty-six. He then spent the next thirty-seven years civilizing one of the last "frontiers"—southeast New Mexico. John W. Poe was a self-made man, honest and modest to the core. But he was always a "supporting character" in the stories about Pat Garrett, John Larn, John Selman, and Billy the Kid. He has been written about in dozens of books, but only as a footnote. He deserves more.

Sophie, who was born in 1862, twelve years after the birth of "John W.," lived long enough to publish a book about her travels with John, entitled *Out of a Duffle Bag*. Another book, *Duffle Bag*, was published in 1942 when Sophie Poe was eighty.

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was in the area because everyone seemed jumpy. Garrett was still not convinced, but agreed to visit the Pete Maxwell house after dark and talk to Maxwell before returning to Lincoln. That evening, when the three arrived at Pete's house, Poe and McKinney got off their horses, squatted beside the porch, and waited outside, while Garrett entered Maxwell's dark bedroom to talk to the man.

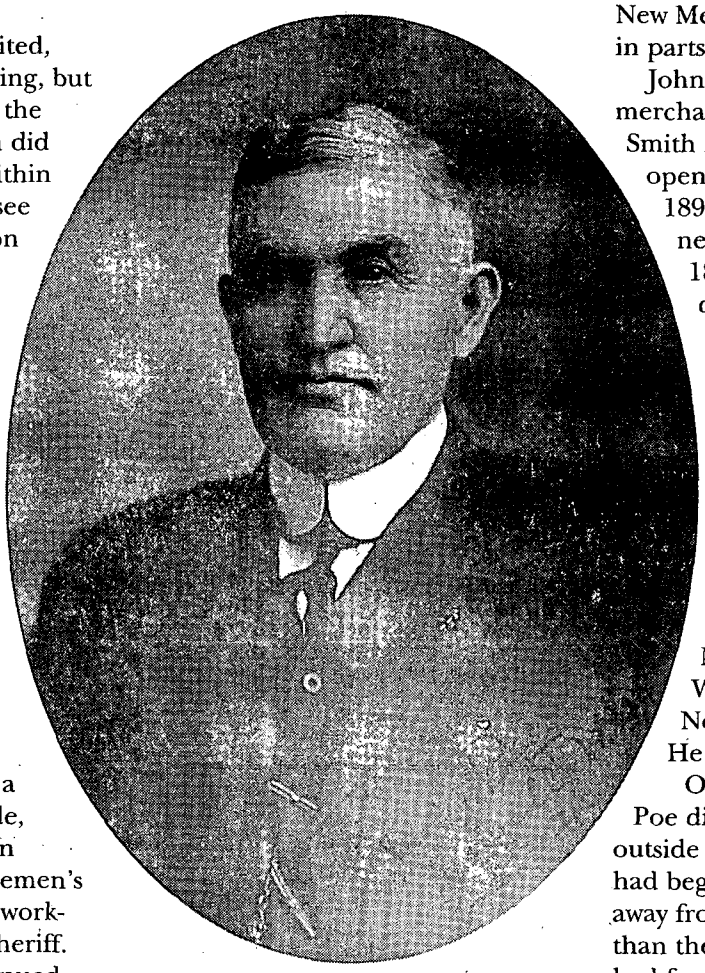
As McKinney and Poe waited, they saw someone approaching, but because they remained still, the person coming toward them did not see them until he was within arms' length. When he did see them, the man jumped up on the porch and whispered in Spanish, "*¿Quien es?, ¿Quien es?* [Who is it?]" Thinking it might be Maxwell, John Poe stood up and said, "Oh, you needn't be afraid. We're not going to hurt you."

This relaxed and open greeting by Poe probably saved his life. Billy the Kid backed into Maxwell's bedroom, where, a few seconds later, he died from a single bullet from Garrett's gun.

A few days later, after a coroner's jury had returned a verdict of justifiable homicide, John Poe was back in Lincoln County working for the cattlemen's association. He was also still working for Garrett as a deputy sheriff. This dual employment continued for the next year. In 1882, Pat Garrett decided not to run for reelection, and John W. Poe was elected sheriff of Lincoln County. His presence at the killing of Billy the Kid, plus his work capturing other rustlers, had assured his reputation and his election in the county.

Poe had been sheriff for only a short time when he met Sophie Alberding, who was a house guest of his friend, Captain J.C. Lea, in Roswell, New Mexico. Sophie Alberding and John Poe were married on May 5, 1883.

They moved to Lincoln after their wedding, and it was there in early 1884, that John and Sophie Poe's only child died a few hours after birth. The Poes spent about a year living in the county seat before moving to a very isolated ranch located some twenty-five miles from Lincoln and some fifteen miles southwest of Fort Stanton. The Poes sold the VV Ranch in 1885, after John was reelected as sheriff, and moved back to Lincoln.



Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum

John W. Poe, July 22, 1921, age seventy.

Sheriff Poe was very active in Lincoln County, a county much larger in size in the 1880s than it is today. As a result, he was seldom at home. Neither Sophie nor John liked the idea of his continuing this type of life, and he resigned in January 1886. John R. Brent was appointed to serve out the unexpired term.

A year later, Poe and his friend, Smith Lea, went to Argentina and Paraguay in South America to look at property for a cattle ranch. But John decided against moving from New Mexico and ended up buying a tract of land outside of Roswell. He planted alfalfa on part of the land and stocked it with over 300 cattle and 150 brood mares, with the idea of raising mules. He was very successful in this first attempt at alfalfa and stock raising. He also pioneered the idea of operating a fenced stock farm in this region of New Mexico, a practice being tried in parts of the Texas panhandle.

John Poe's next venture was at merchandising. In partnership with Smith Lea and C.B. Bonney, he opened a store in Roswell. In 1890, he was associated with a new Roswell bank, and in 1893, he was elected president of what would initially become First National Bank and, later, Citizen's National Bank in Roswell. In later life John W. Poe served in several positions, including member of the Territorial Board of Equalization, member of the State Tax Commission, fuel administrator for New Mexico during the First World War, and regent of New Mexico Military Institute. He was also a Mason.

On July 22, 1923, John W. Poe died in his bed at his home outside of Roswell, New Mexico. He had begun his adventures running away from home with nothing more than the clothes on his back. He had faced adversity throughout his life, and, except for the loss of John Larn to an armed mob in Fort Griffin, he had lived a life many men envied.

He had been present when probably the most famous outlaw in the Old West, Billy the Kid, was killed. He had been elected sheriff of Lincoln County and had helped to bring law and order to that part of New Mexico as the bloody Lincoln County War came to a close. He then took another career path, to eventually become a respected businessman in the community.

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Lotta Crabtree, Superstar

By John Southworth

Author's Collection

Lotta Crabtree, child star and adult toast of the theater.

When Lotta Crabtree died in 1924, she was reported to be the second largest taxpayer in the city of Boston and the wealthiest actress in all of the United States, perhaps in all the world.

As an actress, Lotta was only acceptable. She was also pretty but not beautiful. She was short. She was plump. She had bowed legs. Nevertheless, patrons from all classes grew to love her stage antics and flocked to her performances because she had rhythm in her feet and a superior, instinctive talent for entertaining any audience.

Lotta's success on the stage was the direct result of a lifelong team effort by three unlikely characters: Lotta, her mother, and her father. Had any one of these principal players been of a different personality, the final outcome would not have been as stellar as it was, but just ordinary. Lotta was blessed with stage savvy and a superior sense of rhythm. Her mother was a tireless worker with business acumen, and her father was a handsome loafer who would not, or could not, support his own family.

Lotta's parents were both English. Her Grandmother Livesey, her four daughters, and her youngest son came to America from England after her grandfather headed for India with the couple's two eldest sons and was never heard from again. In New York, the Livesey women made a successful living sewing drapes and fine upholstery for society homes.

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Lotta was blessed with stage savvy and a superior sense of rhythm, her mother was a tireless worker with business acumen, and her father was a handsome loafer.

One Livesey daughter, Mary Ann, married a local bookseller, an Englishman named Crabtree, who was in no way interested in books. When a daughter was born to the Crabtrees on November 7, 1847, she was named Charlotte Mignon after her aunt, Mary Ann's identical twin sister. She was never known as anything but Lotta except in legal matters requiring a formal name.

John Ashworth Crabtree, known simply as Crabtree to everyone including the women of Mother Livesey's house, where they all lived, was very proud of the sign that read "Crabtree's Book and Antiquarian Shop" over his dusty collection of books on Nassau Street around the corner from Horace Greeley's newspaper office. He claimed that Charles Dickens himself had at least once dropped in to browse. Unfortunately, Crabtree was more interested in watching port activities in New York harbor, talking to hangers-on, and socializing in the many local bars than in tending to business. Mostly his bookshop remained unattended while the Livesey women busily cut and sewed for the quite successful Livesey Drapery Shop.

Gold had been discovered in California in 1848, and the New York docks were still alive with hopeful men packed and ready for the long trip to the land of opportunity. Crabtree got the urge to follow, but it took him until 1851 to announce his impending departure for the West. He sold the bookshop, took what little money Mary Ann had saved from her sewing, and told her to follow him later, much later.

Mary Ann and little Lotta eventually arrived in San Francisco after a long, tiring and uncomfortable sea voyage, plus an even more miserable land trek across the Isthmus of Panama, only to find Crabtree nowhere in sight. Fortunately, Mary Ann and Lotta had a comfortable place to stay, in a real house near the Presidio, with another goldrush "widow," while she waited for word from her missing husband.

That word finally came. It mentioned "a fine business opportunity" in the burgeoning, foothill mining community of Grass Valley and requested Mary Ann to come at once.

Packing her meager belongings, plus little Lotta, Mary Ann traveled by boat and stage to Grass Valley to rejoin her husband and to find that his "business opportunity" took the form of a great, unpainted, two-story boardinghouse. Mary Ann was expected to cook, clean, and garden while Crabtree, as general manager, would greet the guests and tend the bar.

Undaunted, the feisty Mary Ann tackled the problem; however, the harder she worked, the less Crabtree did. One day, little Lotta announced that a strange lady with a lot of animals had moved into the big corner house down the street. Those animals included three large dogs, two horses, two goats, a noisy big white bird, and two bear cubs.

The new neighbor turned out to be the notorious international actress Lola Montez. Neighborhood children, attracted by Lola's collection of animals, were soon regular visitors to her home. She was a gracious hostess to the children, but only one of the mothers, all mindful of Lola's dubious background, came to talk.

Mary Ann Crabtree was soon a cautious visitor, liked what she saw and, being hopelessly busy herself, allowed five-year-old Lotta to spend much time with Lola. In fact, Lotta and Lola became lifelong friends, and the actress from time to time would try, in her imperious way, to convince Mary Ann to give up the child for a better life with her, perhaps in Paris.

In Grass Valley, Lola provided dancing lessons for Lotta, an apt pupil, and was soon showing her off to famous visitors in what developed into a full-blown French salon at Lola's big corner house. Lola had many influential and important friends, mostly men.

Lotta, at six years, had a far truer sense of rhythm than Lola ever had. She learned rapidly. Her bright red hair, pixy smile, merry laugh, and big, very black eyes were naturals for a life on the stage. Lola could not help but recognize an exciting new talent.

One day when the two were riding far from Grass Valley, one of their horses threw a shoe. They stopped in Rough and Ready, a still-growing business center, to have it replaced. Perhaps they were recognized. Perhaps two unescorted females just attracted a crowd of lonesome mining camp men. In any

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In Grass Valley, Lola Montez provided dancing lessons for Lotta and was soon showing her off to famous visitors.

event, Lotta was soon showing off her new dance steps to a fascinated audience that expressed its appreciation by giving her coins, gold dust, and small nuggets. She had quite a handkerchief full of valuable gifts to show her mother when she finally arrived home.

This unlikely turn of events completely changed the future course of the Crabtree family fortunes. Lotta was no longer just a cute little girl growing up in a rough mining camp, but now on the road to becoming a stage superstar and the family breadwinner. Mary Ann switched from being a harassed housewife and boardinghouse proprietess to a child star manager. And Crabtree, who swore that his daughter would never dance for the entertainment of dirty old men, was outmaneuvered, outgunned, and eventually reduced to being just a family hanger-on.

Crabtree was outraged at this turn of events. He closed the Grass Valley boardinghouse and moved his little family up-mountain to a new mining camp called Rabbit Creek (later known as La Porte) just to get away from the dark influence of Lola Montez. Again, Mary Ann was expected to operate a boardinghouse, this one even more primitive than the one abandoned in Grass Valley.

During long winter days and nights snowed in at Rabbit Creek, Mary Ann had plenty of time to consider her daughter's inborn talents and the money so easily earned in that Rough and Ready blacksmith shop. When spring came, she left a note for Crabtree, along with a pot of beans on the stove, and joined a traveling entertainment group going farther up-mountain to Quincy and beyond. It was certainly a wrenching decision for a young mother. Mary Ann now had a baby son, John Ashcroft Crabtree, Jr., always called Jack, and was totally dependent upon the dancing income of an eight-year-old daughter.

The Crabtree family, without Crabtree himself, ended up in San Francisco when snow again curtailed the entertainment circuits in the Sierra gold country. With a bit of money from the summer's work in the gold camps, Mary Ann rented a small house in town and tackled the entrenched San Francisco entertainment circles.

San Francisco stage entertainment was dominated in those days by stage families; the Batemans, the Robinsons, the Chapmans (with enough children to "cast even the fullest Shakespearean tragedy"), and the Booths, including John Wilkes, were all there. Children were born and reared into the profession, trained from infancy, expected to remain loyal. Though fragmented as a group, the stage families stood rock firm against any newcomer. Even the experienced Lola Montez had not survived their wrath. Individually successful, her stage productions could not withstand denigrating counter productions by the powerful opposition. She had retreated in defeat to Grass Valley to nurse her wounded vanity and to plan another campaign, this time in Australia.

Author's Collection

Jack, Mary Ann, and Lotta Crabtree in San Francisco, circa 1879.

This was the unfriendly environment into which Mary Ann thrust her daughter and herself with her usual untrained but total determination. She approached every entertainment mogul in San Francisco and Sacramento, without success. Totally discouraged but in no way defeated, Mary Ann signed Lotta into the smoky, smelly San Francisco "bit" houses, which offered a few minutes of stage entertainment for all sorts of noisy men on the town, with tickets at one bit, or twelve and a half cents. San Francisco women did not enter the bit houses, but as entertainers, Lotta and her mother were quite safe.

The two gained experience the long, hard way. Summers were spent on the mountain camp circuits, winters in San Francisco and Sacramento drinking establishments. From time to time, Crabtree would show up, borrow money from Mary Ann, forbid his daughter to dance for lustful men, and then disappear again.

Lotta had rhythm in her tiny feet and a natural bent for understanding and entertaining any audience. She learned to play the marching drum and the banjo—surely she was the youngest professional female banjo player, perhaps the only one, during her lifetime. She learned all the new songs and dance steps. She was accepted into professional, experienced minstrel groups and

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played blackface.

For seven years mother and daughter maintained their hectic, unpleasant life in the smoky dens of marginal west coast entertainment houses. Mary Ann made the costumes, while Lotta earned the money to keep the two going. Crabtree helped by staying away. Once, he heard that a stage owner had briefly insulted his wife. To even things out, Crabtree shot at the man, not drawing any blood but making the empresario forever mad at the hard-working Mary Ann.

Mary Ann was able to buy the little house they were renting on John Street; her sister Charlotte, Lotta's namesake, arrived from New York, and Mary Ann gave birth to a second son, Charles. By now, Lotta was all of fourteen years old and the only source of income for the family.

Times were changing in San Francisco. The hectic goldrush days were over; business was settling into a routine, and the legitimate stage was still dominated by the stage families. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was a favorite stage production. Topsy was being played by grown women in blackface. Lotta was not even considered for that part, a character she was born to play.

Author's Collection

Lotta Crabtree in stage dress.

With her five years of training in the bit houses, and later in less dirty but no less smoky saloons, Lotta was ready for the big time, even if the big time was not ready for her.

Tired of continual hassle and rejection, the Crabtree family returned to the east coast and clumsily tackled New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Recognition, however, remained elusive.

Lotta's big break came in 1864 at age sixteen, when she was called at the very last moment to fill in as the seventh sister in a stage play opening the very next night in Baltimore. Lotta was always ready. She stole the show and made the play her own. It ran for weeks with Lotta as the star.

With all barriers broken, life became a bit easier for Lotta and her mother. Mary Ann continued to make all of Lotta's stage costumes but she was now able to hire a permanent manager and his capable wife to arrange advantageous stage bookings weeks in advance. It was not long before theater owners on both coasts discovered that their own personal fortunes were much improved when Lotta played in their houses.

At first, Lotta starred with support companies already assembled by the theater owners. After a few hours rehearsal with players already familiar with the several available standard stage productions, the show would be presented to the public.

Later, Lotta gathered a group of loyal actors and actresses who would travel the entertainment circuits with her. Under these arrangements, only one or two fresh faces would be required at new theater bookings. Not one of these support players ever had a written contract with Lotta or her mother and not one was ever stranded on the road.

Still later, Lotta traveled with a permanent group of players in a private railroad car. The car had a side passageway to ensure privacy from other travelers on the train, an apartment at one end for Lotta and her mother, and a similar apartment at the other end for the male members of the cast. The long, open center section, which made up into upper and lower beds, accommodated the female members of the troupe and acted as a traveling drawing room for everybody. Mary Ann became an effective and efficient chaperone, to the extent that the Crabtree traveling company soon gained a well-deserved reputation as a poor prospect for any player seeking romance.

The standard Crabtree "season" was about thirty weeks, which left Lotta and her mother much time for study and travel each summer. Lotta's early education had been sadly neglected and now she had time for an array of tutors in a wide variety of subjects. Once, she took two years off to travel, to study art and music in Paris, and to renew old family ties in England.

In 1891, Lotta abruptly retired. She was only forty-four years old, had spent thirty-six years on the stage, and was still just a child at heart.

Too much of a child, perhaps.

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She still dressed in juvenile clothing, knew and cared little of money matters, and had never had a serious boyfriend. The boys were serious, especially after she had money, but her interest in boys, as in everything else, remained fleeting. Except for the stage and, later, portrait painting, Lotta's interests were short lived. She admitted to being fickle to a fault.

Lotta excelled in one field of expertise, the stage. She instinctively knew what her audiences would like and what character parts she could handle well. She often played multiple parts in the same stage production. She had the last word in this regard. Mary Ann did not question her decisions. After the Civil War ended and all interest in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had died down, Lotta, who had never been given the opportunity to play Topsy, revived that solemn play, totally altered its aspect from serious to merry, and revived its popularity for another forty years.

In all other phases of Lotta's life, Mary Ann had the final say. She made the contracts; she bought plays outright so she would not have to pay royalties; she hired and fired support players, front men, and managers; and she kept Lotta's many suitors at bay. The tiny woman—she was barely five feet tall—with the beautiful head of silvery curls, ran Lotta's life and those dependent upon her with a firm hand. She took everything very seriously and the years bore heavily upon her.

Mary Ann was penurious in small matters but quite free with larger sums. She made her own clothing. Her favorite black taffeta dress with the reusable, expensive buttons was reincarnated at least seven times, and she was buried in the final version. She invested in stocks, bonds, real estate, and mining scams. All in all, when it came to money, she did quite well.

Toward the end of her life, when she realized that Lotta had no interest in the fortune that would soon revert to her management, she hired more tutors and Lotta was forced to become an expert in financial matters, at least in the management of substantial sums.

The one place where Mary Ann's acumen totally failed her was in her choice in men. She could not distinguish between charm and character. She was a sucker for any sincere presentation, be it by a stock promoter or suitor. She lost money on phony investment opportunities and husbands. But she learned quickly and never repeated her failures.

Author's Collection

Undated studio portrait of Lotta Crabtree.

Crabtree was a case in point. He was a smooth-talking, handsome scalawag. Mary Ann was taken in by his obvious charms and never ceased to love him though, he cost her dearly. Knowing her own failure as a judge of male character, she was never involved with another man and guided her daughter down the same path.

Crabtree was a man without conscience. He did what he wanted to do without regard to others. He made no attempt to provide for his own family. He came and went as he pleased. There is reason to believe that he was a remittance man with a good personal income provided by a solid English family. If so, he never told anyone, not even Mary Ann.

He took from Mary Ann with or without her permission. After one particularly blatant bit of thievery in which he took close to fifty thousand dollars cash from his own daughter's earnings, he boldly threatened to take Lotta to court as a minor and have himself, as her father, appointed her guardian.

This serious threat was too much, even for the ever-patient Mary Ann. She settled a goodly sum on Crab-tree and sent him back to England with a then princely annuity equal to five pounds sterling per week. Crabtree thus became a legitimate remittance man in reverse, perhaps the only Englishman to ever boast such a status.

Established in England as a man who had struck it rich in the American West, Crabtree called his long-neglected sons (they had lived with relatives and attended private schools all their lives) to his side. The two boys took to the easy life with a vengeance, and the lack of early parental guidance soon took a heavy toll. The youngest boy, George, died at sea and was buried there. The oldest son, Jack, later returned to live close to Lotta and her money.

Where Crabtree was just a scalawag, his son Jack was a dishonest scalawag, a scoundrel. Lotta called him her handsome younger brother, but she knew that he was costing her a fortune to keep around. However, she did remain loyal and he never wandered far from her side.

After Mary Ann died in 1905, Lotta was lonesome, at loose ends. Brother Jack always had friends

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around. Lotta did not join in the social activities but enjoyed the excitement from a distance. Jack continually invited public figures to fancy dinners while Lotta paid the bills.

Lotta owned a theater in Boston and bought a nearby hotel where she could live out the rest of her life. She bought a fine big country home for Jack and his actress wife. When his wife died some years later, Jack moved out, and Lotta let the house go to ruin. Jack died alone in North Carolina in 1920.

The last fifteen years of Lotta's life were spent consolidating her fortune and arranging for its disposition. She lived frugally but comfortably at her hotel with a staff catering to her few requests, surrounded by show people who long before had learned that the hotel rates charged them by Miss Lotta were far less than those posted to the public.

Lotta faced her largest and by far loudest audience long after she retired. November 6, 1915, had been designated "Lotta Crabtree Day" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco and she was finally persuaded by Fremont Older, editor of the *San Francisco Call*, to make the long trip across the continent by train. After a full day of sightseeing and ceremonies in and around Exposition Hall, Lotta was escorted that evening by William Crocker, the banker, and his wife to downtown San Francisco where the entire area around Geary, Market and Kearny streets had been roped off. The streetcars could not move. Thousands of San Franciscans milled around waiting to see the famous Miss Lotta. She waved to the cheering crowd, said a few words, then, abandoning her five-page memorized speech, broke into tears and claimed that it was the finest moment of her life. Lotta Crabtree, the great actress, died in 1924.

The Crabtree Trust

The last few years of Lotta's life were lived under the provisions of Crabtree trusts, which paid all her living expenses, provided small annuities for five first cousins, and provided monetary help for destitute actors, discharged convicts, worthy young farmers, war veterans, and girls pursuing an education in music. One Crabtree trust, the Lotta Agricultural Trust, is still viable and is the largest single benefactor of present-day New England agriculture.

Only a few friends were present at Lotta's funeral, but over one hundred suits were soon filed trying to get a piece of the action after the provisions of the Crabtree Trusts were made public. All but two claims were dismissed as being without merit. The two remaining suits stayed in the news for months, required testimony by the likes of Wyatt Earp, and cost the Crabtree Trusts a fortune. One claimant, who professed to be Lotta's daughter (the court considered circumstantial evidence that Lotta was still a virgin at age forty-eight), spent four months in jail for wasting the court's time. The other claimant, a woman who professed to be Jack Crabtree's daughter, born in Tombstone, Arizona, in 1881, was turned away empty-handed after a strictly legal but still debatable court decision.

One other player in the drama must be remembered. As already noted, the Crabtree Trusts provided small annuities for five first cousins. But Lotta had six first cousins. The sixth, one Louis Livesey, adamantly refused a similar annuity. When his wife tried to cooperate with the trust lawyers who wanted to include her husband against his wishes, he killed her with an axe.

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Year's of Terror

By Ruth Willett Lanza

"We often hear that coming events cast their shadows before us, but we the people of this vicinity failed to see the approaching shadow if there was one," wrote Sylvester M. Buzzard, a pioneer rancher of the Pikes Peak region, in his handwritten memoirs of those early years.

He went on to say that if there was a shadow of doom hanging over them, the ranchers near the small settlement of Colorado City, Colorado Territory, were too busy with their crops to take notice.

Colorado Historical Society

The Indians in this photo have been identified as, (l-r) Antelope, Man on a Cloud, and Roman Nose, who attacked the Hungate family in 1864.

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In the early years of settlement, the Utes, who were mountain people, and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who roamed the plains east of Pikes Peak, were in constant conflict over hunting grounds. They were so obsessed with their own enmities that they left the new settlers in the Pikes Peak region alone. Life in and around Colorado City, a town of about five hundred log houses that sat on Fountain Creek in the shadow of Pikes Peak, was fairly peaceful.

But in 1862, in the midst of the Civil War, the Indians began to get riled up as army deserters and prospectors headed into the area in search of gold at Tarryall, Fairplay, California Gulch, and other diggings. When the First Regiment of Colorado Infantry volunteers marched south to defeat four thousand Texas Confederates at Glorieta Pass, the Indians' hunting grounds and peaceful lives were disturbed. They realized that white men didn't keep their promises; the plains tribes began to retaliate with a vengeance.

Early in 1863 Cheyennes and Arapahoes began threatening small settlements on the eastern frontier of the territory, attacking and robbing wagon trains and stealing horses. However, the citizens of Colorado City weren't unduly alarmed. In the spring and summer of 1864, Colorado City residents and ranchers heard rumors of approaching trouble. In June a small band of Arapahoes, led by Roman Nose, rode their ponies along Running Creek, about forty miles north of Colorado City. When they spotted the Van Wormer ranch they galloped across the prairie and swooped down upon the ranch house in a surprise attack.

The Indians killed thirty-year-old Nathan Hungate, the tenant of the Van Wormer ranch, scalped him, and bashed his cheeks and eyes with a tomahawk. No doubt Hungate's young wife, Ellen, screamed before they killed her and scalped her from ear to ear. Then they slashed the throats of her two little girls, six-year-old Florence and three-year-old Laura. Later, the bodies were found stuffed in a well.

When the Hungate massacre was discovered and the mutilated bodies of the young family were brought into town, stretched out on a wagon bed, the men in and around Colorado City quickly organized to join in pursuit of the murderers. Then they began to make plans to protect their own families.

From that time on, "They were constantly on the lookout for the savages," wrote settler Irving Howbert in his book, *Indians of the Pikes Peak Region.*

A couple of weeks after the Hungate murders, a group of cattle herders rode into Colorado City late one evening in a state of alarm. They reported seeing six or seven mounted Indians acting mysteriously near Austin's Bluff, northeast of town.

Not long after that, eighteen-year-old Howbert spotted six Indian braves creeping through the Garden of the Gods, near the family's ranch just a few miles north. It looked as though they were searching for horses and were ready to attack.

Alarmed, young Howbert galloped into town to alert the citizens. Then he rounded up several volunteers to help him go after the Indians. The men followed him back to the area, where they discov-

Pikes Peak Library District

Ute Indians riding down Ute Pass to Colorado City, 1913.

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ered that the Indians had dismounted and were afoot. They managed to cut the small band off from their horses and then surrounded the braves, making it impossible for them to escape.

Through words and motion the volunteers told the Indians to come with them back to Colorado City. They promised the Indians that if they were found innocent of wrongdoing, they would be released. The Indians mounted their horses, and they all started toward town with two white men guarding each brave.

Not so easily fooled, the Indians soon began hollering in their native tongue, shaking their blankets, and frightening the horses. This distracted their guards, and the Indians took off at a gallop. The volunteers fired at the fleeing riders and managed to kill three of them.

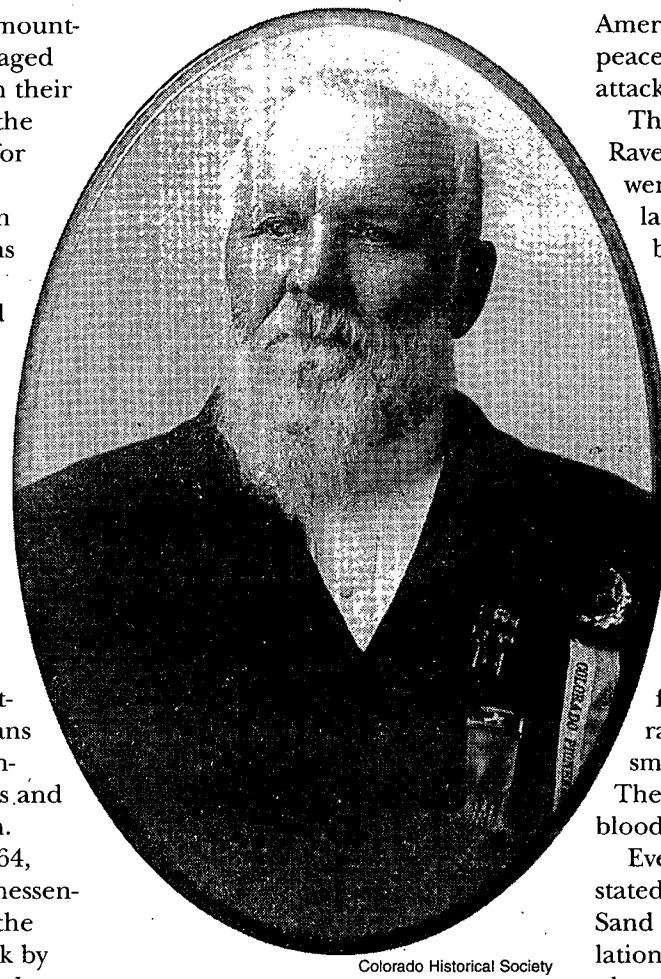
Also, in that summer of 1864, Governor John Evans sent a messenger to Colorado City to warn the people of an impending attack by the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other hostile tribes, who were encamped near the head of Beaver Creek in eastern Colorado.

By now, unease had changed to fear. The settlers immediately developed a plan to converge at the valley of the Platte, at the head of Cherry Creek, and in the valley of Fountain Creek and the Arkansas River, to stop the attack.

The warriors appeared as expected along the eastern frontier of Colorado, mounted on their ponies and ready for battle. But when they found the settlers prepared to defend themselves, they turned away and didn't carry out the raid.

Because of the Civil War, federal troops weren't available to protect the settlers. The First Regiment of Colorado Cavalry had to spread itself too thinly across the border to be of much help in case of an attack.

This set the Indians free to control the paths of travel to the east. As a result, "Every wagon and stagecoach that came through from the Missouri river to Denver City had to run the gauntlet," wrote Irving Howbert.



Colorado Historical Society

Colonel John M. Chivington, who led the attack at Sand Creek.

The plains Indians attacked many of the lumbering wagons, captured and killed the passengers, shot them full of bullets and arrows, and roasted some of them alive.

Finally, Governor John Evans received permission from Washington, DC, to organize a new regiment to be used solely for protection of the frontier settlements and to punish the hostile Indians. Many of the volunteers from Colorado City joined up with this new Third Regiment of the Colorado Cavalry, under the command of Colonel John M. Chivington.

In November 1864 the Third Cavalry, now numbering seven hundred men, launched a surprise attack at dawn on Chief Black Kettle's camp at Sand Creek, where five hundred Indians were asleep. Black Kettle quickly raised the American Flag and the white flag of peace over his lodge to stop the attack, but the cavalry charged on.

The Cheyennes, along with Little Raven and some of his Arapahoes, were camped on government land at Sand Creek that had been assigned to them. They had been assured safety.

Most of the warriors were out hunting, so old men, helpless women, and children were nearly alone in the camp when the cavalrymen attacked. Some of the soldiers, as though possessed by demons, probably remembering some of the Indians' earlier atrocities, scalped their victims and cut off their fingers and genitals for souvenirs. They took turns raping dead squaws and used small children as target practice. Then they rode away from the bloody massacre.

Even though Governor Evans stated that he felt the "battle" at Sand Creek had stopped the annihilation of the white settlers, the people around Colorado City lived in terror that the Indians would attack in revenge.

In a sudden panic, ranchers moved their entire families into Colorado City and housed them at the Anway House, a hotel on the north side of town.

"Those were exciting days, as the Indians were on the war path here," Hattie Hedges Trout wrote in her memoirs.

Hattie had arrived by stagecoach with her parents and sisters in 1866. They first settled on a ranch near Fountain Creek. When Hattie was six, they moved into town. She recalled being "forted up in the old Anway House, a two story hewn-log house, with a stairway going up on the outside."

The settlers cut pine logs that were still green, so that they wouldn't burn if struck by flaming arrows, and placed them on end around the fort. They then dug a ditch outside the palisade.

"This made a crude fortification," said Sylvester M. Buzzard. The men

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took turns standing guard on a hill behind the fort. Many ranch women and children lived in the "Anway Fort" for the duration of the Indian uprising. They brought along a cow and chickens so that the children could have fresh milk and eggs everyday. Families from town moved into the fort each night.

They all slept on the floor; "Like packing sardines in a box...," Sylvester Buzzard said. "The crying of children, the scolding of women, and the fawning of men called into action three senses of human nature, hearing, seeing and smelling." In desperation, he and a friend bundled up their blankets and moved to the Masonic Lodge.

"Let them go," said the women in the fort. "They are nothing but a couple of old bachelors, anyway."

"And we didn't talk back," said Buzzard.

While they were all forted up, the men returned to their ranches every few days to care for the stock and work the crops and to see if any Indians had been poking around. They always kept their guns handy and were alert to a surprise attack.

"The shadow of doom came closer and closer," said Buzzard.

In August 1868, seventy-five Arapaho warriors rode into Colorado City well-armed. Instead of begging for food as was their custom in peace time, they asked for powder and lead. They pounded on the walls of buildings, as though testing their strength against an attack. The Indians said that they were part of Little Raven's band and that they were headed to South Park to fight the Utes, their enemies.

Still alarmed, the citizens called a council of war and decided to ask the governor and the Indian agent at Denver City for help. Both cautioned them not to molest the Indians, that they were "friendly."

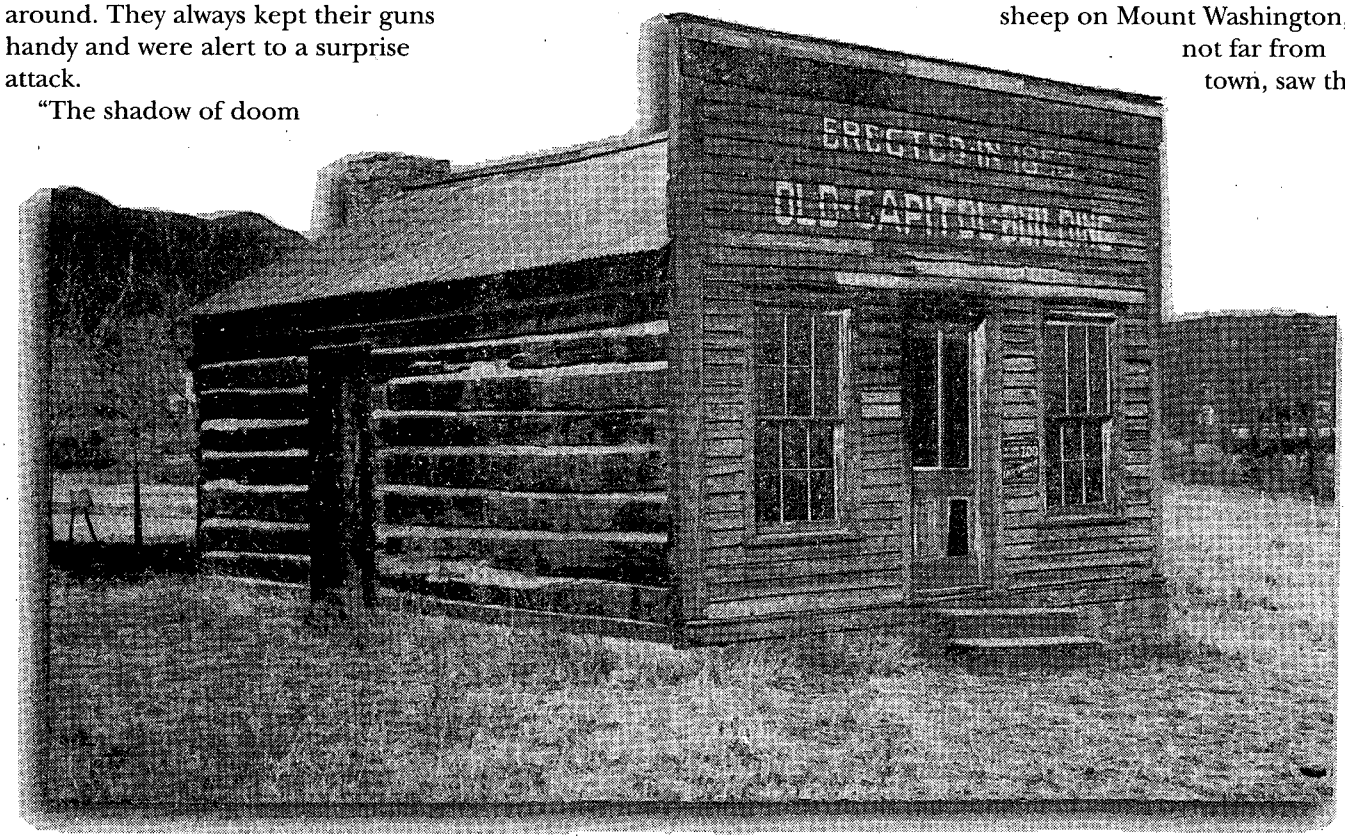
After the Arapaho band left their camp at Soda Springs, only a few miles from town, the citizens found arrows placed in a circle with the points facing toward the water. They knew this was an Indian custom that meant war.

The band of Arapahoes rode up the pass and killed several Ute Indians. When they reached Samuel Hartsell's ranch, they took his revolver and pocketknife and showed him their Ute scalps. Then they rode out of the mountains and at Monument Creek, near Teachoutis ranch, they stole 150 horses.

In the meantime word came to Colorado City that a Mrs. Deiterman and her five-year-old son had been murdered at Comanche Creek. It looked like the Indian war would never end.

Soon after that Judge William H. Baldwin was herding horses near Monument Creek, not far from town, and spotted Indians. He tried to get away, but they overtook him, and he fell from his horse. They started to scalp him, but discovered that he had already been scalped some years earlier, so left him for dead. Later, he was brought into town still alive. He lived to an old age.

About the same time, seventeen-year-old Charley Everhart was killed and scalped near Monument Creek. The two little Robbins boys, Frank and George, who were herding sheep on Mount Washington, not far from town, saw the



Local History Collection, Pikes Peak Library

Dr. James Paul Garvin's cabin, mislabeled as the "Old Capitol Building," served as the morgue for Charley Everhart and the Robbins boys after an Indian attack in 1868.

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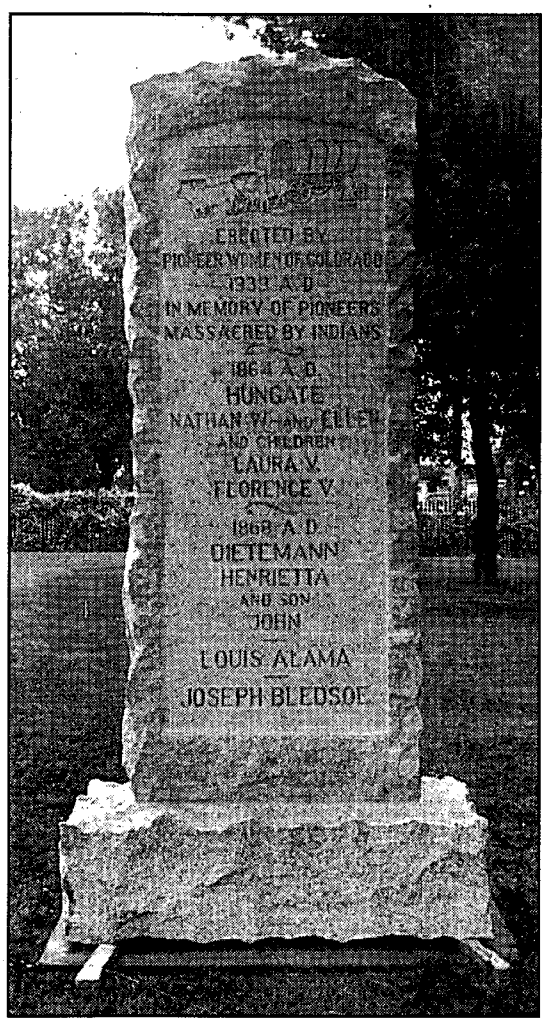
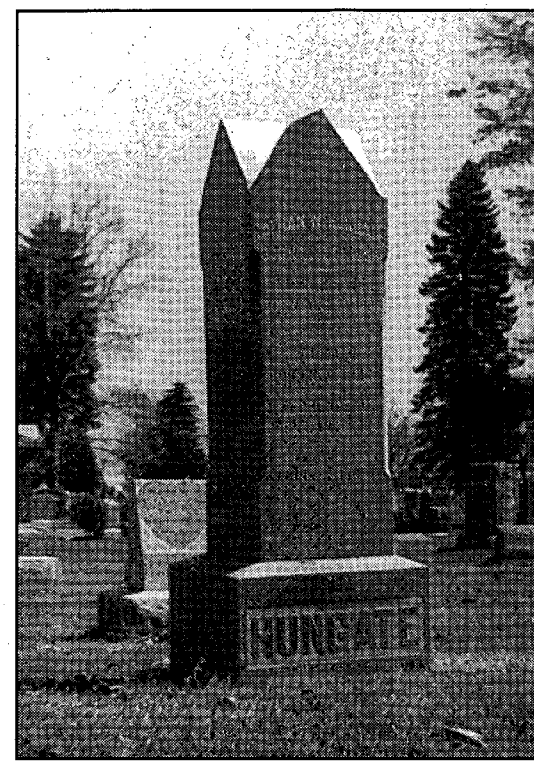


Colorado Historical Society

Marker erected in memory of Colorado pioneers massacred by Indians in 1864.



Courtesy Colorado Historical Society

The Hungate family, massacred by Indians in 1864, were originally buried in Denver's Cheesman Cemetery, but were moved to Fairmount in 1892.

Indians and made a run for it, but the warriors overtook and killed them.

Two men who were binding oats just across Fountain Creek heard the shots and saw the warriors leaning over the two boys. Suddenly a lone Indian brave on Mount Washington fired a shot, causing the Indian attackers to jump on their ponies and ride away. Although this didn't save the Robbins boys' lives, it no doubt saved them from being scalped.

The victims were all brought into Dr. James Paul Garvin's log cabin, which was mistakenly believed to have been the first capitol when Colorado City served briefly in 1862 as the first capital of Colorado Territory. However, the cabin was used as the El Paso County building. There, the three boys were laid out for burial.

Hattie Hedges tells of going to Dr. Garvin's cabin to see the boys. "Everyone was flocking there, so horrified and grieved over it. It was a horrifying sight."

Saphrona Hedges, Hattie's mother, said, "We feared for our lives. I was always in fear of their getting our darlings." Hattie and her sisters tried to cheer up their mother and frightened neighbors.

"While Father stood guard with the other men on the hill behind the [Anway] fort," said Hattie, "we'd entertain the women and children in the fort by singing songs, such as *Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Us Now.*"

The settlers now lived in constant fear that the Utes, who had always been friendly, and the plains Indians would unite against them, outnumbering the white men fifty-to-one. They appealed to federal authorities for help.

"We were turned down with disdain, as much as to say that we were too small an affair for them to bother with," Sylvester Buzzard said

The Indians often threatened raids. One time a man, standing on the hill behind the fort, called out, "The Indians are coming, the Indians are coming," causing a great commotion in the fort. The women wrung their hands and cried. But, it was a false alarm. In all those years of upheaval, the Indians never did attack Colorado City.

By 1869, the Indian wars had subsided and only eighty pioneers remained along Fountain Creek. By that time many, including Sylvester Buzzard, had left the territory.

In 1936, the Colorado Historical Society, the El Paso County Pioneers' Association, and the City of Colorado Springs erected a monument in front of the old Anway Fort. Although it has been used as a private residence for many years, and the outside stairway has been removed, it is said that the sturdy logs can still be seen in the basement and under the clapboards. The Indian wars are long past, but memories of those years of terror must surely lurk in the shadows of Anway Fort and Old Colorado City, now a part of Colorado Springs.

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True West Legends:

George A. Scarborough

By R.K. DeArment

October 2, 1859—George Adolphus Scarborough enters the world at Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana. He is one of nine children born to George Washington Scarborough and Martha Elizabeth Rutland Scarborough.

April 13, 1873—The Scarboroughs are living at Colfax, Louisiana, where, at the age of thirteen George is witness to the Colfax Riot, a racial clash in which scores of blacks are killed in the worst single day of carnage in the violent Reconstruction era.

August 30, 1877—George A. Scarborough and Mary Frances McMahan, both seventeen years old, are married in McLennan County, Texas. The marriage is performed by George's father, a Baptist preacher.

Fall 1878—Parson Scarborough moves his family to Jones County, Texas, and establishes a small ranch near Anson, the county seat. Young George, with a growing family of his own, assists in the move and the ranch operation.

Spring 1883—George and Mary Scarborough set up housekeeping in Anson, and George pins on his first badge as town constable and deputy under Jones County Sheriff Polk Cole.

November 4, 1884—Running against his boss, George Scarborough is elected to the first of two terms as sheriff of Jones County.

August 31, 1886—During Sheriff Scarborough's absence, hardcase prisoner Add Cannon surprises jailer William C. Glazner, bashes in his head with an iron bar, and escapes. As his friend and fellow officer lies dying, Scarborough unsuccessfully scours the country for the killer. Angered by the murder and escape of the killer, Scarborough begins to develop a personal animus for lawbreakers, a trait for which he will become acclaimed by some and feared by others.

October 15, 1887—Scarborough and a desperado named A.J. Williams tangle in a Haskell, Texas, saloon. The two know each other well as Williams has been a frequent guest in Scarborough's calaboose. Williams reaches for his gun, but the sheriff sees him in the backbar mirror, whirls, and shoots him dead. Scarborough and a teen-aged brother stand trial for murder, but a jury acquits them after deliberating only five minutes.

November 6, 1888—When the sheriff's pay is decreased, Scarborough does not actively campaign for re-election, is defeated, and returns to the cattle range.

June 1893—Scarborough goes to El Paso, Texas, and accepts appointment as deputy United States marshal.

April 21, 1895—In a saloon across the Rio Grande in Juarez, Mexico, a gunfight almost erupts involving Scarborough, El Paso Chief of Police Jeff Milton, legendary gunfighter John Wesley Hardin, and supporters of Martin Mroz, a wanted fugitive. Guns are drawn, but the confrontation ends without bloodshed.

June 29, 1895—Scarborough escorts Mroz over a bridge from Juarez to El Paso and attempts to arrest him on the American side. Mroz resists and is shot to death by Scarborough, Milton, and Frank McMahan, George's brother-in-law and fellow officer.

August 10, 1895—Hardin, drinking heavily, brags to saloon cronies he hired Scarborough and Milton to kill Mroz so that he could get the fugitive's money and his woman. A furious Scarborough collars Hardin, marches him to the offices of the El Paso *Times*, and forces him to write a public retraction and apology.

August 19, 1895—John Selman, an El Paso constable whose mankilling record rivals that of Hardin, shoots the storied gunfighter to death in the Acme Saloon.

February 12, 1896—At Selman's trial the jury announces it is hopelessly deadlocked.

March 10, 1896—While making an arrest, Scarborough is shot in the face by a man named Antonio Viscarra.

April 5, 1896—In the early morning hours Selman and Scarborough meet in an alley beside the Wigwam Saloon. Drunk, Selman gets increasingly belligerent and finally claws for his gun. Scarborough draws his weapon and pumps four bullets into him. A bullet lodged in Selman's spine proves fatal.

April 11, 1896—Under attack in the newspapers for the controversial killings of Mroz and Selman, Scarborough resigns his position as deputy U.S. marshal.

June 20, 1896—A jury finds Scarborough not guilty of the murder of John Selman.

Summer 1896—Temporarily out of law enforcement, Scarborough moves his family to Fort Davis, Texas, where he deals in cattle and horses, acting as purchasing agent for local ranchers.

April 28, 1897—The murder cases against Scarborough, Milton, and McMahan in the Mroz death are dismissed on a directed verdict of acquittal by the judge.

Summer 1897—George Scarborough, his wife, and their seven children relocate in Deming, New Mexico. There George accepts appointment as a deputy under

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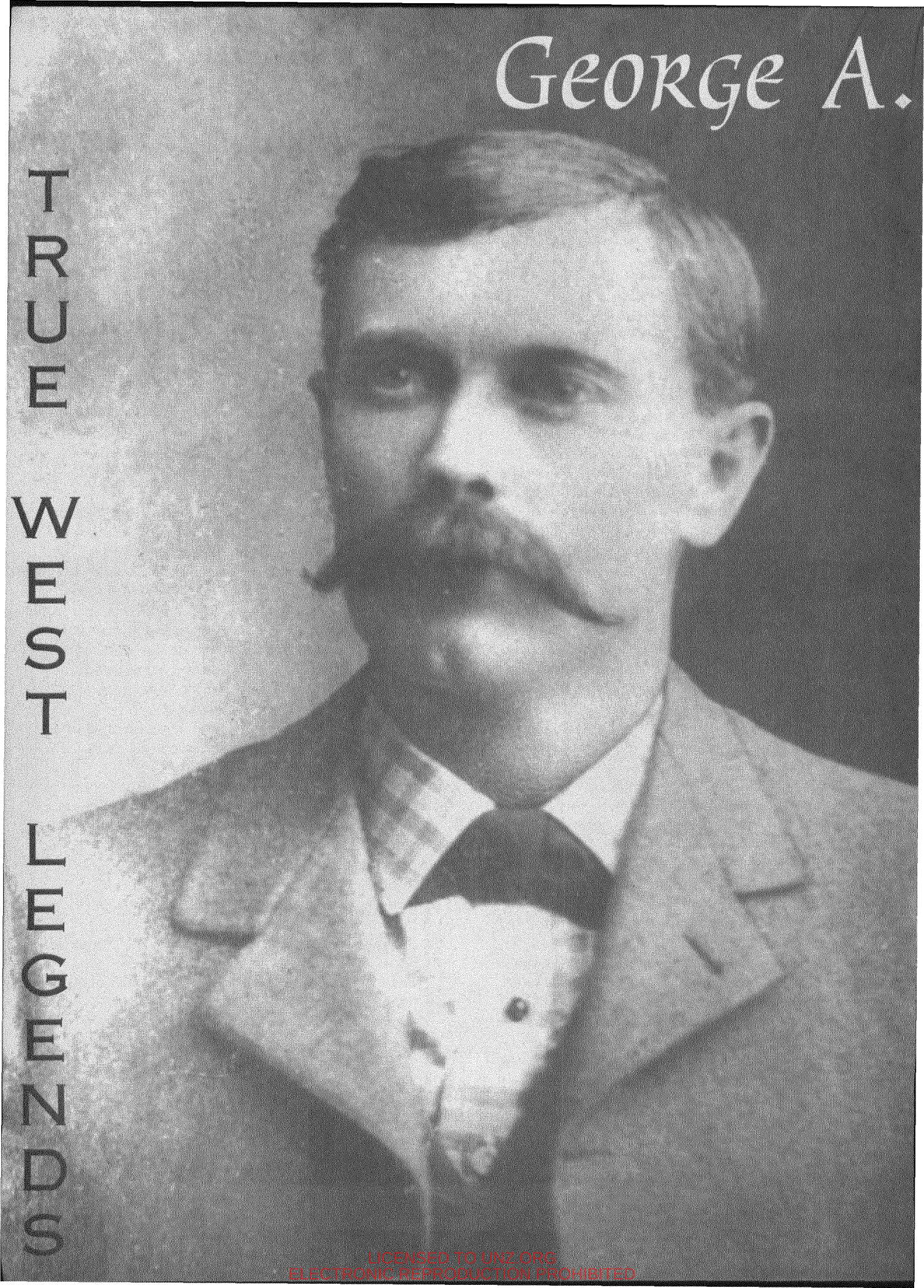
George A.

TRUE WEST LEGENDS



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U.S. Marshal Creighton Foraker of New Mexico.

December 7, 1897—Working undercover as a cowboy for the San Simon Cattle Company, Scarborough has learned that the Black Jack outlaw gang is planning a train holdup near the New Mexico-Arizona line. He notifies the authorities and joins Marshal Foraker, U.S. Marshal W.M. Griffith of Arizona, and a posse of some twenty officers assembled in the area.

December 9, 1897—The Black Jack gang stops a Southern Pacific train at Steins Pass but is driven off by determined messengers who kill one bandit and wound another.

December 12, 1897—Scarborough, Jeff Milton, and other members of the marshal's posse trail the gang to Tex Canyon, where they arrest five suspects. Other possemen take the prisoners back while Scarborough and Milton push on and arrest another man. Three of the six suspects will eventually be convicted on federal robbery charges and sent to prison.

Courtesy Lieutenant Colonel Phillip G. Nickell

George A. Scarborough's grave marker located in the International Order of Odd Fellows section of the Deming Cemetery in Deming, New Mexico

July 30, 1898—Scarborough and Milton ambush outlaws Broncho Bill Walters, Bill Johnson, and Dan Pipkin, wanted for train robbery and murder, in a remote Arizona horse camp. Pipkin escapes, but Walters tumbles from the saddle in a barrage of gunfire from the officers and is captured. A long-range shot from Scarborough's rifle mortally wounds Bill Johnson.

November 26, 1898—Scarborough wounds an outlaw named John Williams in a gunfight on Black River, Arizona, but Williams escapes.

January 1899—Scarborough has a tense confrontation at Geronimo, Arizona, with John Selman, Jr., now a Graham County, Arizona, deputy sheriff. Scarborough has arrived to take custody of John Williams, who has been captured. Bad blood already exists between young Selman and the man who killed his father, but when Scarborough learns that John, Jr., has allowed Williams to escape, he is enraged. Only the quick intervention of Sheriff Ben Clark prevents a gun battle between the officers.

October 1899—In Deming Scarborough captures Pearl Hart, a much publicized female road agent who had escaped from the Tucson, Arizona, jail.

Late February 1900—Scarborough is active in Arizona, helping Cochise County Sheriff Scott White in the apprehension of bandits who held up a train at Fairbanks and wounded Wells, Fargo messenger Jeff Milton.

April 3, 1900—At Triangle Springs, a remote spot in the Chiricahua Mountains in Arizona, Scarborough and Walt Birchfield have a long-range gun battle with a band of outlaws in which Scarborough receives a severe leg wound. After dark Birchfield rides for help.

April 4, 1900—With the help of cowboys from San Simon, Birchfield brings Scarborough down out of the mountains. The wounded officer is taken by train to Deming where doctors amputate his leg.

April 5, 1900—Scarborough dies in his home with his wife and children at the bedside.

WHAT TO READ:

George Scarborough: The Life and Death of a Lawman on the Closing Frontier, by Robert K. DeArment. University of Oklahoma Press, 1992.

Jeff Milton: A Good Man With a Gun, by J. Evetts Haley. University of Oklahoma Press, 1948.

John Selman, Gunfighter, by Leon C. Metz. University of Oklahoma Press, 1980.

WHERE TO GO:

Colfax, Louisiana: A large memorial marker is erected on the site of the Colfax Riot. Here, the sign proclaims, "three white men and 150 negroes were slain. This event on April 13, 1873 marked the end of carpetbagger misrule in the South."

El Paso, Texas: Within a few blocks of downtown one can see the locations of many of the scenes of violence in which Scarborough, Hardin, Selman, and other famous gunfighters participated.

Deming, New Mexico: An impressive gravestone can be seen in the cemetery. It reads: "Geo. A. Scarborough Was Born Oct. 2nd 1859 Died April 5th 1900 Gone but not forgotten."

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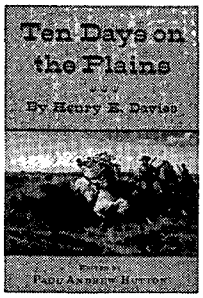
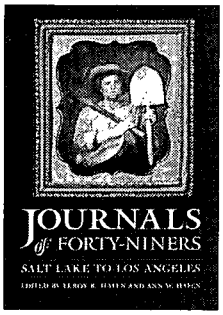


235—TEN DAYS ON THE PLAINS. *By Henry E. Davies; ed. by Paul Andrew Hutton.* Originally published in a limited edition in 1871, this well-illustrated and produced book is an account by Civil War General Henry Davies of a spectacular hunting expedition on the high western plains. Davies features a young scout, William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, as the central figure in the story of the expedition. 194p. Southern Methodist University Press.
Special Price (limited quantity) **Cloth, $10.98**



727—JOURNALS OF FORTY-NINERS: SALT LAKE TO LOS ANGELES. *Edited by LeRoy R. Hafen & Ann W. Hafen.* The Hafens have assembled a fascinating array of diaries and memoirs of forty-niners who set out from Salt Lake City toward California's goldfields over the Old Spanish Trail. For many would-be gold miners, this dry, dangerous trail was preferable to crossing the Sierra Nevada. In reality, the choice of the southern route did not ease travelers' efforts. The narratives herein provide fine descriptions of these challenges. "...a prized addition to our knowledge..."—*American Historical Review.* 336p. University of Nebraska Press.
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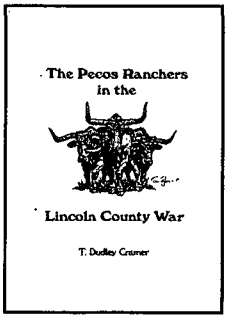
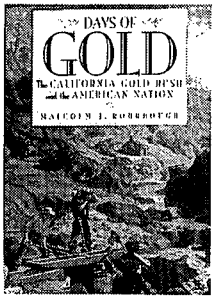
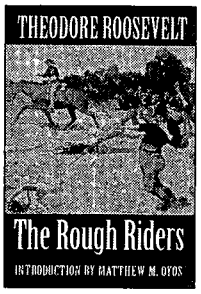


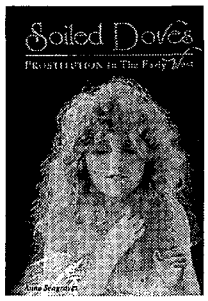
706—THE PECOS RANCHERS IN THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR. *By T. Dudley Cramer.* Focusing on the Beckwith family, Cramer shares the story of the small ranchers from the Pecos Valley who played a prominent, often misinterpreted role in the Lincoln County War in New Mexico Territory. With rare exception these largely hard-working cattlemen and cowboys sided with the Murphy-Dolan-Riley partisans, believing strongly that the opposing forces of Tunstall-McSween and John Chisum were trying to oust them from the Pecos country. Cramer offers many rare, previously unpublished photos in this important history. 215p. Branding Iron Press.
AUTOGRAPHED! **Paper, $22.95**



648—DAYS OF GOLD: THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH AND THE AMERICAN NATION. *By Malcolm J. Rohrbough.* Described by the author as an "introduction" to the stampede for gold in California, this book provides far more than the usual historical introduction. Exhaustively researched and engagingly written, Rohrbough's *Days of Gold* explores the whys, whats, wheretos, and wherefores of one of the most consequential sagas in American history and in the development of the American nation. "Rohrbough tell the story straight from the mouths (or pens) of those who lived it."—*Christian Science Monitor.* 373p. University of California Press.
Paper, $16.95



730—THE ROUGH RIDERS. *By Theodore Roosevelt; introduction by Matthew M. Oyos. The Rough Riders,* published the year after the Spanish-American War—or in Roosevelt's words, "the splendid little war"—is Roosevelt's account of the mustering of the regiment, many of the troopers of which came from the American West; the perils endured; and the horseback charge up Kettle Hill during the battle for San Juan Heights. This reprint gathers eleven important photographs from earlier editions of the work and also contains two new maps and an index. 320p. University of Nebraska Press.
NEW SELECTION **Paper, $12.95**



532—SOILED DOVES: PROSTITUTION IN THE EARLY WEST. *By Anne Seagraves. Soiled Doves* tells of the grey world of prostitution and the women who participated in the oldest profession. Colorful, if not socially acceptable, these women of easy virtue were a definite part of the early West. Illustrated with many rare photos, this book provides a touching insight into the lives of the ladies of the night. 173p. Wesanne Publications.
Paper, $11.95

700—PRECIOUS DUST: THE SAGA OF THE WESTERN GOLD RUSHES. *By Paula Mitchell Marks.* The discovery of gold in California in 1848 began a boom era that extended over fifty years to include rushes in the Pikes Peak region in Colorado, the Black Hills of South Dakota, Alder Gulch in Montana, and the Yukon. *Precious Dust* provides a colorful human epic of the mad rush to these remote places. "Engrossing saga"—*San Francisco Chronicle.* 448p. University of Nebraska Press.
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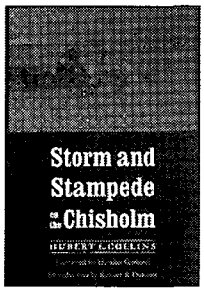

701—STORM AND STAMPEDE ON THE CHISHOLM. *By Hubert E. Collins.* First published in 1928, Collins' autobiography chronicles the young ranch hand's life at the Red Fork Ranch on the banks of the Cimarron River in Indian Territory in the early 1880s. Learning much from rangy cowboys in residence and frontier characters passing through, Hubert enjoyed more adventure than he would ever know again. "Indeed irresistible"—*New York Times.* 332p. University of Nebraska Press.
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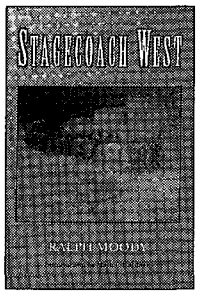

728—STAGECOACH WEST. *By Ralph Moody.* First published in 1967, *Stagecoach West* is a comprehensive history of stagecoaching west of the Missouri. Starting with the evolution of overland passenger transportation, Moody moves on to paint a lively and informative picture of western stagecoaching, from its early short runs through its rise with the gold rush, its zenith by 1868, and beyond. Moody uses contemporary accounts, illustrations, maps, and photographs to flesh out his narrative. 359p. University of Nebraska Press.
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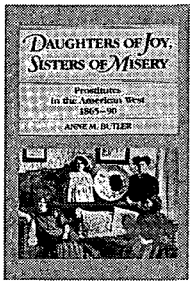

001—DAUGHTERS OF JOY, SISTERS OF MISERY: PROSTITUTION IN THE AMERICAN WEST, 1865-90. *By Anne M. Butler.* "Frail sisters," "fallen angels," "soiled doves"—whatever they were called, these women lived lives of nearly anonymous destitution. Butler's account of their lives bears scant resemblance to popular depictions in film and fiction. It reveals instead an existence on the brink of despair. 179p. University of Illinois Press.
Paper, $12.95

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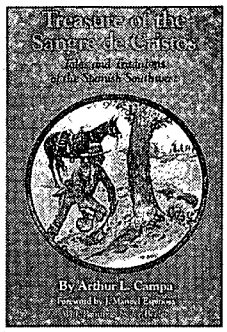
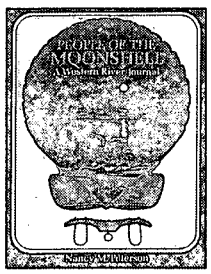


516—TREASURE OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTOS: TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE SPANISH SOUTHWEST. *By Arthur L. Campa; foreword by J. Manuel Espinosa.* This collection includes stories of silver locked away in outlaw hoards, lost mines stacked away with bars of gold, and fabulous Jesuit treasures buried when that order was expelled from New Spain. Not all of these folk treasures are of mineral wealth, however. There are also the legends of the Hermit of Las Vegas and of the lovelorn nun. 223p. University of Oklahoma Press. **Paper, $13.95**



723—PEOPLE OF THE MOONSHELL: A WESTERN RIVER JOURNAL. *By Nancy M. Peterson.* The Indians called their river the Moonshell. The French explorers renamed it, quite aptly, the Platte ("flat" in French). Since that time thousands of pioneers have boated, tracked, traversed, and cursed the Platte en route to their destinations or fates in the Rockies and Far West. Peterson provides an epic narrative of the people whose lives were shaped to one degree or another, by the Platte. 276p. Renaissance House.
Paper, $18.95

300—ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FRONTIER BIOGRAPHY, VOLUME I: A-F. *By Dan Thrapp.* First of three volumes that comprise a wealth of information about persons who lived on the American frontier. Profiles approximately 4,500 frontier figures. University of Nebraska Press.

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301—Volume II: G-O	**Paper, $20.00**
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719—WESTERN TREASURE TALES. *By Choral Pepper.* In an easy-flowing narrative, Pepper relates the fascinating stories of eight treasure sites in the West. The tales in this photo-rich collection include the Brazelton, the Blue Bucket, Treasure Mountain, Jarbridge, and others. 146p. University Press of Colorado.
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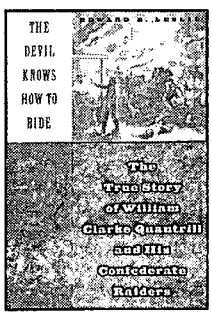

738—THE DEVIL KNOWS HOW TO RIDE: THE TRUE STORY OF WILLIAM CLARKE QUANTRILL AND HIS CONFEDERATE RAIDERS. *By Edward E. Leslie.* This definitive biography reveals the personality of Quantrill and the events that transformed a quiet Ohio schoolteacher from a staunchly Unionist family into a virulent, pro-slavery Confederate guerrilla chieftain, the most feared and despised in the Civil War. This groundbreaking work includes a captivating account of the massacre at Lawrence, Kansas. "[An] outstanding biography."—*Winston Groom.* 516p. Da Capo Press.
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693—BLACK PIONEERS: IMAGES OF THE BLACK EXPERIENCE ON THE NORTH AMERICAN FRONTIER. *By John W. Ravage, Jr.* Richly illustrated, *Black Pioneers* features a phenomenal archive of more than 200 never-before-published photographs that depict the range of African-American experience in the West. The collection of images offers graphic evidence that blacks did not play a limited role in the settlement of the West. 246p. University of Utah Press.
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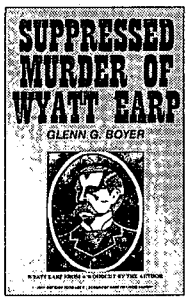

666—SUPPRESSED MURDER OF WYATT EARP. *By Glenn Boyer.* Out of print for many years, this book by widely recognized Earp biographer Glenn Boyer aroused much controversy. The author relied heavily on family letters, interviews, and other first-hand accounts to complete this biographical study of the famed western personality. 135p. Historical Research Associates.
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698—ON TO OREGON: THE DIARIES OF MARY WALKER & MYRA EELLS. *By Clifford Merrill Drury and Mina J. Carson.* THe journals of Mary Walker and Myra Eells tell vividly the overland experiences of two missionary couples, the Walkers and Eellses, in 1838. Just married when the trip began, Mary and Myra rode on horseback from Missouri to Oregon where they and their husbands reinforced the Oregon Mission. They eventually moved north to do missionary work with the Spokane Indians. 384p. University of Nebraska Press.
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715—DESTINATION TOMBSTONE: ADVENTURES OF A PROSPECTOR. *By Edward Schieffelin.* The century old memoirs of the founder of Tombstone, Schieffelin's chronicles describe the work, fear, terror, honesty, and fair-play of the prospector in the American West. Featured within the pages of this unabridged edition are the true adventures of Schieffelin's discovery of the mother lode in Arizona and other episodes. 134p. Royal Spectrum Publishing.
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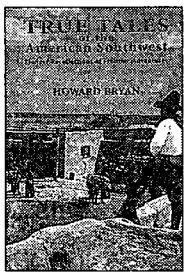

720—TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST: PIONEER RECOLLECTIONS OF FRONTIER ADVENTURES. *By Howard Bryan.* Drawn from the author's extensive files, this book offers a collection of stories, anecdotes, and personal histories of pioneering "old timers" who lived in the Southwest in the 1800s and early 1900s. These stories include new information on famous characters encountered by the pioneers. 286p. Clear Light Publishers.
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The Story o

By Larry D. Underwood

On September 14, 1881, Charles H. Clay and Nancy A. Smith were married in Jerseyville, Illinois. Five weeks later, on October 19, Clay and Joseph Burris robbed the Park & Sons Bank of Fieldon, Illinois. As word of the robbery spread, with posses flying in all directions, Jersey County Clerk James Eads dug into his files and pulled out the license for the Clay-Smith wedding. On the license, Eads scrawled: "Jesse James, alias Charles H. Clay."

Charles H. Clay and Joseph Burris arrived in Jersey County, Illinois, sometime in August. They were both dark complected and stood about 5'9" or 5'10". Each weighed about 170 pounds. Clay was the shorter of the two, but just slightly. Both had dark hair and dark mustaches.

The little farming community of Fieldon became their headquarters for part of those weeks, from August to October. They roomed at the Widow Roundtree's home. Fieldon was a dozen miles due west of the county seat and just over five miles from the Illinois River. A short horse ride of six miles to Calhoun County, Illinois, and a boat ride across the Mississippi would put a Missouri outlaw safe back home.

It was not a common thing for strangers to locate in this village and some regarded these men with suspicion. Others noted that they spent a great deal of time in the oak and hickory forest, practicing with their pistols. They plunked tin cans, and one observer, a Dr. Washburn, reported that they even shot glass balls with their pistols. Those that examined the cans remarked that the men were good marksmen.

While out making his rounds, Dr. Washburn also noticed that the men rode their horses north to what is now called Reddish Bridge across Macoupin Creek. But instead of using the bridge, they rode their horses off into the stream and swam them across. To Washburn, that seemed strange behavior.

During their stay, the two men visited the local harness shop to purchase a bag similar to "a soldier's haversack" and two sets of shoulder holsters. The shop owner, Anthony Roccappee, was a talkative sort and told the men he had lived in Missouri. The topic of crime came up and Roccappee dwelled on that for a time, embellishing the conversation with opinions about noted outlaws. The James-Younger gang took up considerable time. Roccappee, Clay remembered later, turned to talk of the recent exploits of an outlaw named Polk Wells. And while the leather was cut and worked by the Fieldon craftsman, he wished aloud that some of those bank robbers would come along and rob the bank in Fieldon.

Clay recalled, "I carelessly remarked that they would hardly get paid for their trouble."

Roccappee, his hands still working the leather, replied, "You are badly mistaken, sir, that bank contains over eighty thousand dollars of Jake and John Radish's [Reddish] money, besides a considerable amount belonging to the banker, Mr. Park. They are all rascals of the deepest dye and it would therefore do me good to see them robbed."

This would take some consideration on the part of the two interested customers. Their original plans called for Clay and his partner, Joseph Burris—alias Polk Wells and Bill Norris, respectively—to rob the National Bank of Jerseyville. They would rob the National Bank on Thursday, during "Jersey County Fair Week."

Thursday, however, turned out to be a poor choice. The special "fair train" coming north from Alton brought folks to Jerseyville for the fair, but the day also brought a frog-drowning downpour. It had been an unusually wet fall in the Illinois River Valley. These fair-going visitors from Alton needed a dry place until the rain stopped—if it ever would. They stepped off the train and into a dry depot, but that filled up quickly. Somebody made a dash for the National Bank and soon its corridors were crowded with soaked sightseers. With these new weather circumstances, the Park & Son bank at Fieldon looked even more attractive to the baffled bank robbers.

It had been some time since Wells had robbed a bank, since July 11, 1881, to be specific. On that day they robbed the Riverton, Iowa, Sexton and Davis Bank. Wells and three others, including a thief named Wilson, took $4,000 from the bank. Wells later explained how it happened: "At Riverton we entered a saloon to get some lemonade, as neither of us drank anything stronger.

"I noticed the sign 'bank' on the opposite side of the street, and asked the bar-keeper for information concerning its financial standing and as to the esteem in which its proprietor was held by the people."

The bartender replied, "The bank is the richest in the county, and the proprietor is the grandest rascal in the state."

The bartender had said all the right words. Wells continued, "We entered the bank that same day, July 11, 1881, at three o'clock pm, and ordered the cashier, Mr. Sexton, to open the safe. While Wilson held a pistol on him I collected the money, amounting to something over four thousand dollars. We then passed

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f Polk Wells

Author's collection

Polk Wells, from a photo taken in the Anamosa, Iowa, prison.

out the back door while Mr. Sexton made his exit by the front door, shouting, 'Robbers, shoot, shoot!'"

Wells and Wilson came under fire, but only Wells was hit. He took a ball in the center of his left knee. A local merchant shot him with a Ballard rifle.

Wells explained that the ball "came near costing my life." He recalled, "We remained at old man Wilson's home for two days and then started for Utica, Missouri. We were traveling by covered wagon, and at the edge of Missouri we stopped and stayed overnight at the home of a farmer."

After a couple days, they moved on. "The James Boys," according to Wilson, "had robbed the train at Winston and the country was alive with men searching for them."

Wells remembered, "We left there in a covered wagon, all the time Bill Norris nursing my leg and keeping the swelling down with ice water. He carried a keg of ice in the wagon, and, as it melted, drew the water and poured it on my leg, as I required it. My leg was swollen to the size of my body, and was black as tar. Finally the swelling began to decrease and the flesh gradually resumed its natural color."

Norris and Wells eventually worked their way to Jersey County in Illinois. There is no particular reason why they chose Illinois. Unless, of course, love somehow entered the picture. On September 14, 1881, Wells and Norris and two young women came to Jerseyville. Wells and Nancy A. Smith of Jersey County purchased a license and were married by Justice of the Peace George C. Cockrell.

Wells used the alias of Charles H. Clay and said he was twenty-six. (One source has him closer to thirty at this time.) He said he was a farmer and that his parents were B.G. Clay and Rachael Smith. He claimed that he was born in Virginia. Nancy A. (Lizzie) Smith was born in Jersey County. She was the daughter of John and Amanda Williams Smith. Norris witnessed the marriage, but signed himself Joseph Burris.

The newlyweds stopped at the National Hotel, according to hotel proprietor James M. Young. Later, they boarded at Mrs. Eveland's for a few days.

Before long, the men, and perhaps Clay's wife, returned to Fieldon. Then, on October 10, the men drove a team and spring wagon the dozen miles to Jerseyville. They attempted to sell the team and wagon, but could find no buyers. They returned to Fieldon and sold the wagon and horses to John A. Kraus for $100. The two men returned to Anthony Roccappee's harness shop. Roccappee was putting the finishing touches on the two pairs of shoulder holsters and the leather sack. When Roccappee finished, he laid the holsters and haversack on the counter and watched silently as the two young men slipped their large Navy revolvers in and out of the new leather, making sure of a smooth fit.

Finally, it was mid-October in Fieldon. It was a dull Thursday. There were hardly any horses and no people on the main east-west road through town.

Laid out in 1837, Fieldon had been home to pharmacist Wesley Park and his sons, George C. and Arthur F., since 1875 when Park opened W. Park and Sons drugstore. Later on he opened Park and Sons bank in the same building. The building, at the east edge of town, was an original brick and measured twenty-two by forty feet. Another sixteen by twenty feet was added on. On October 19, 1881, Dr. Wesley Park was in the building alone. Park told the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* what happened next:

"On Wednesday, October 19, about 2 o'clock PM I was alone in the bank writing at my desk. It being business hours the safe was open. While busy at my books I heard someone enter the front part of the building, which is a drugstore adjoining the bank-room. Supposing it was customers I walked into the room to wait on them. I found one of the men there, who asked me to prepare some medicine for him and that he would call for it in a few minutes. He then went out,

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but in a moment he returned. His partner was outside of the horse rack, but I did not know it at the time. When the first party went out he spoke to his partner, I suppose, telling him that I was alone and for him to go into the bank from the street door, which he did.

"When the first party came back into the store he handed me a bill and asked for change. I took the bill and passed into the bank. As I stepped into the bank-room the second party presented a cocked revolver at my breast, and the one following me at the side of my head. One of them took off my watch. They told me to open the safe. I replied that it was already open. I then went behind my desk close to the safe, and while one of them kept his revolver pressed against my temple the other kept his held in his right hand pressed to my breast, while he emptied the safe with his left hand, putting the money into a haversack hung at his side, they [sic] neither of them for one instant taking their weapons from against my head and breast during the robbery."

The outlaws rifled the safe and searched for something to tie Park with. He reassured them that they need not do that. Finally satisfied, they "took down the telephone and telegraph wire in the bank."

The man with the money held the revolver on Park's forehead while the other man brought the horses to the door. While the one on horseback kept Park covered, the other man took the haversack of money and backed from the bank, both men covering Park with their Navy revolvers.

Park, who had served in the Union Army during the Civil War, explained, "As soon as both were mounted and had moved away from the door, I seized an old revolver which had escaped their observation and ran to the front door of the store-room, where I knew they would have to pass. When they got to the front of the building one started east and one west. I threw the door open just as the party going east was passing—the one with the money. As I opened the door he laid down on his horse's neck and with his right hand holding his revolver, fired at me, the shot striking the iron sill under my feet. I fired at him as he passed, and think I struck his bridle arm. I shot again and his horse dropped, falling on him."

Park figured he'd killed this desperado and turned his attention to the other outlaw, who had wheeled his horse at the first sound of gunfire and was thundering down the muddy street to help his partner. He saw the horse fall and snapped off two shots at the banker, one whistling through Park's hair and burning his scalp.

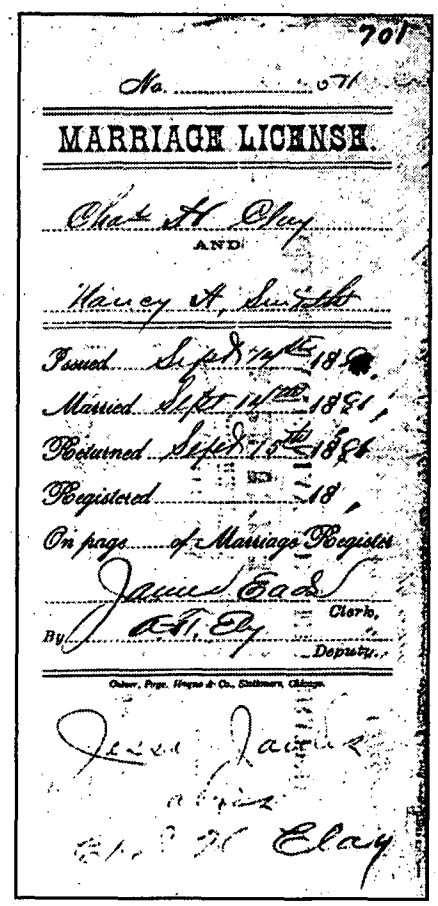
Polk Wells told it a little differently. "My mare dropped as if shot through the heart, pinning me to the ground by lying on my lame leg. After a persistent and painful effort I succeeded in freeing myself, but Park continued to snap the old pistol at me all the while. Norris finally got his mare under control and dashed back to my rescue. I gave him the signal not to shoot to hit anyone, for the people were riveted to the ground with astonishment at the extraordinary proceedings."

Park raised his pistol to deal with the approaching gunman, but when he squeezed the trigger, the old revolver only snapped. He had only two primed balls in the pistol and had used them both.

One of the witnesses remembered later that it was Wells' horse which was shot. They recalled him mounting behind Norris and yelling, "Give me your gun and I will kill the son-of-a-bitch."

Of the five shots fired by the outlaws, all were made within 100 feet of their targets. Park's two shots were made at a distance of no more than thirty feet.

Park later told the *Globe*, "Where the robber fell in the road some parties picked up my watch and some five or six silver dollars. The horse got up and ran up the street, and I have him now. My revolver being exhausted they both got away by both getting on one horse, and


701

No. 671

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

Chas. H. Clay

AND

Nancy A. Smith

Issued Sept 14th 1891

Married Sept 14th 1891

Returned Sept 15th 1891

Registered 18

On page of Marriage Register

James Eads Clerk,

By C. H. Clay Deputy.

Author's collection

After the Jersey County, Illinois, bank robbery, the county clerk altered Polk Wells' marriage license to read, "Jesse James, alias Charles H. Clay."

going north toward Macoupin county.

"I desire further to say that this unfortunate affair will not interfere materially with our business, as we have ample means to pay all deposits and to continue business."

The bankrobbers turned north on a street leading them out of town and on a muddy ride toward Macoupin Creek. A short time later, they met a boy on a horse taking corn to the mill in Fieldon. They took the youth's horse and continued riding north. Another account has a butcher, Mr. Turner, meeting the outlaws. They took his horse, hat, and $30. Wells said of this, "We met a man near town, and I took his hat and gave him a handful of silver; he reported we robbed him of $30. A little further we met a young man riding. I relieved him of his horse and sent him on afoot."

As to the money taken from the Park bank, Wells noted later, "I took

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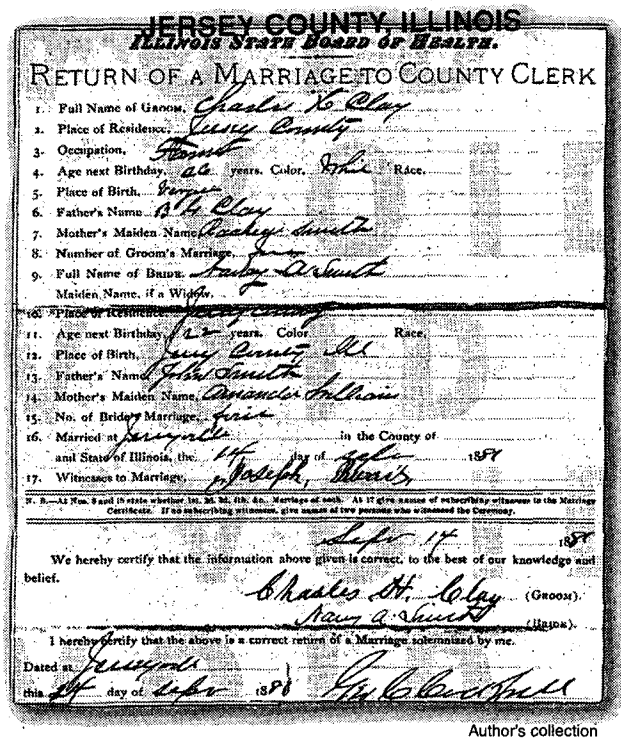
JERSEY COUNTY, ILLINOIS

ILLINOIS STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

RETURN OF A MARRIAGE TO COUNTY CLERK

1. Full Name of Groom, Charles H. Clay
2. Place of Residence, Jersey County
3. Occupation, Farmer
4. Age next Birthday, 26 years. Color, White Race.
5. Place of Birth, Vergne
6. Father's Name B. G. Clay
7. Mother's Maiden Name, Rachel Smith
8. Number of Groom's Marriage, [illegible]
9. Full Name of Bride, Nancy A. Smith
Maiden Name, if a Widow, [illegible]
10. Place of Residence, Jersey County
11. Age next Birthday, 22 years. Color Race.
12. Place of Birth, Jersey County Ill
13. Father's Name, John Smith
14. Mother's Maiden Name, Amanda Williams
15. No. of Bride's Marriage, first
16. Married at Jerseyville in the County of
and State of Illinois, the 14 day of Sept 1881
17. Witnesses to Marriage, Joseph Burris

N. B.—At Nos. 8 and 15 state whether 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, &c., Marriage of each. At 17 give names of subscribing witnesses to the Marriage Certificate. If no subscribing witnesses, give names of two persons who witnessed the Ceremony.

Sept 14 1881

We hereby certify that the information above given is correct, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Charles H. Clay (Groom).

Nancy A. Smith (Bride).

I hereby certify that the above is a correct return of a Marriage solemnized by me.

Dated at Jerseyville this 14 day of Sept 1881 [illegible]

Author's collection

Joseph Burris (Bill Norris), Charles H. Clay (Polk Wells), and Nancy A. Smith all signed the latter couple's marriage license.

sixteen hundred dollars in greenbacks, sixteen hundred dollars in gold coin, in a buckskin bag, and seventy-five dollars in registered bonds, which I replaced in the safe, but took the banker's fine watch and diamond pin."

The *Alton Telegraph* reported that the bank robbers took $3,500 in gold and bank bills. One area newspaper said the amount taken was $3,600—from the safe and "other parts of the bank."

Almost immediately, many speculated that the robbers were the Jameses. A columnist for the *Jersey County Democrat*, wrote that one of them fit the description of Frank James. He added, "The other, somewhat smaller, had dark brown hair, a little lame about one ankle, and corresponds to the picture of Jesse James. They professed to be well acquainted with the Younger boys, and the oldest one said he was just the age of Frank James."

Joe Page, a local politician and newspaperman, eventually settled the mystery, at least in his mind. He was satisfied that one of the robbers was "Polk Wells, former First Assistant to Jesse James."

It took a while to draw a posse together. William Dabbs set off after the outlaws, alone, shortly after the robbery. He was soon joined by Alex Shaw. After one of Park's sons went to Jerseyville to report the robbery, Sheriff Henry C. Massey put together a posse that included Ninian Stallings, P. Fahey, Henry L. Fisher, John Powel, and Walter Dunsdon.

Dabbs and Shaw rode to Macoupin Creek, where Wells and Norris had crossed. The bridge there was washed out at one end, but Burris and Clay had been practicing swimming their horses across. Since Wells' horse was lost, they had trouble crossing. Later, with planks from a nearby farmer, Dabbs and Shaw were able to coax their horses across. Some at Macoupin Creek reported seeing the two outlaws earlier.

Sheriff Massey's posse crossed Macoupin Creek on the covered bridge between Carrollton and Jerseyville. The sheriff's posse traced the outlaws northeast to Rockbridge and then on toward the little community of Chesterfield.

By the next day, the country was alive with posses flying this way and that. Most deputies, marshals, sheriffs, and concerned citizens rode the railroads trying to spread descriptions and possibly intercept the Fieldon bank robbers. Posses and deputies spread over central Illinois and across the Mississippi into Missouri.

And where were the bankrobbers? In Wells' words, "We now made direct for Wisconsin."

The posses were discouraged and found nothing to make them think the robbers might still be in the area. They rode along Macoupin Creek, down to the tiny community of Spankey. Massey and his posse rode nearly jaded horses back into Jerseyville after one foray of twenty-seven hours.

At nearby Grafton, where the Illinois and Mississippi rivers come together, the Grafton Guard was on the lookout. Detectives from St. Louis joined in the search during the days immediately after the robbery.

Newspaperman Joe Page, who had accompanied the posse, wrote, "We returned pretty well satisfied that the men had left this neighborhood long ago, and are now probably spending the money in some city."

Still, as late as November 10, newspapers were reporting that the two bank robbers may be hiding northwest of Fieldon. There were quiet, unpopulated hollows not far from the Illinois River. The bluffs along the bottoms there were dappled with limestone caves. It seemed like a good idea for Sheriff Massey to take a posse into that part of the country.

For arms, the posse carried a Winchester, a Henry, and several double-barreled shotguns. Other searchers joined the posse along the way including a guide who knew "the houses, barns, hollows, etc." One farmer they interviewed said he'd seen the two outlaws and had talked to them. The posse was eager to pursue all leads, but after more careful consideration, they decided the farmer was drunk that day.

There were mixed feelings about the robbers. Several citizens who had met the two men spoke favorable of them. "All spoke of them as being perfect gentlemen and lavish with their money, one young man with whom they slept saying they each had a roll of bills as big as his ankle, and of large denomination."

Other Jersey County citizens didn't care who it was. They were just upset with the turn toward crime in their area. Just a week after the bank robbery a Jerseyville newspaper reported, "A young man named Kennedy...says he was stopped by two highwaymen two miles [from] Jerseyville, on Friday night. They took his revolver and ten cents in

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Author's collection

Banker Wesley Park courageously attacked bank robbers Polk Wells and Bill Norris, despite the fact that his revolver held only two bullets.

money. Robbers and murderers seem to have not the least reverence for the law.

"Our people are afraid to go out at night any more, and have mostly buried their money."

But there was nothing more for the citizens of Jersey County, Illinois, to fear from Jesse James. And for that matter, there was no more to fear from Polk Wells and Bill Norris. Wells, now calling himself C. Harry Warner, and Norris, who was calling himself Frank Johnson, traveled to Randolph, Wisconsin, where they had bought a large house from W.A. Grover. They refitted the house and named it the Commercial Hotel.

On February 10, 1882, the hotel was formally opened. There was a grand dance and supper. Guests crowded in, many of them affluent. "Warner and Johnson" were doing well in their new profession. But not for long.

On February 24, 1882, Iowa sheriffs Samuel Chandler, of Fremont County, and Dan Farrell, of Mills County, arrived in Wisconsin. They enlisted the aid of Marshal R.E. Thomas of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, and set out to arrest Wells and Norris. It is still not clear how, but the lawmen had received information leading to the raid on Randolph, Columbia County, Wisconsin.

Early the next morning, a Saturday, the lawmen went into action, nabbing Norris outside the hotel. He was left under the watchful eyes of Sheriff Chandler.

Sheriff Farrell and Marshal Thomas walked to the hotel to arrest Wells. Inside, Farrell asked the clerk to see "Warner."

A patron called out to Wells, "Harry, someone to see you."

Wells stepped into a room. He said he was going to fetch his hat. Sheriff Dan Farrell wasn't about to let the outlaw out of his sight. He followed Wells and when Wells picked up the hat and turned, he was staring down the barrel of Farrell's big pistol.

There was nothing dramatic about what happened next. Farrell wasn't ready to die and when Wells pulled one of the Colt's, Farrell fired a shot at point blank range.

The ball struck Wells to the right and slightly above his left nipple. It missed the heart, but took affect in the lung. Wells jumped aside as Farrell thumbed his revolver and fired again. Wells, finally able to control the big pistol, fired a shot that ripped along Farrell's scalp just behind his left ear. Farrell was knocked to the floor.

Wells figured he'd killed the sheriff, and he turned his attention to Marshal Thomas, who skipped through the front door and into the street.

In the next few seconds, as Wells walked toward the door. Farrell shook himself awake, got his hand on his pistol, and snapped off a shot that caught Wells in the back of the head, ran around his skull, and exited at the hairline above the right eye.

Thomas and Farrell eventually subdued Wells, but not before Marshal Thomas beat him unconscious with his heavy pistol. Some sources estimated that seven shots were exchanged. At one time, the fighting was so intense that the building was shaking. None dared enter until the lawmen got control of Wells.

A doctor in nearby Portage, Wisconsin, dressed Wells' wounds and the lawmen took the two outlaws to Chicago on the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. Wells and Norris' next stop was Sidney, Fremont County, Iowa, where they were jailed to await trial.

A reporter from the *Milwaukee Sentinel* tried to interview Norris as he lounged on a coffin in a baggage car. He also knelt beside Wells' cot, eager to get the whole story. The reporter wrote, in the February 27, 1882, edition, "They proved too ugly for reportorial suasion."

The men were wanted for bank robbery, train robbery, armed theft, and there was even talk that Wells may be wanted for the 1876 murder of a Mormon bishop in Salt Lake City. The bank robberies were in Riverton, Iowa, and Fieldon, Illinois. Norris was not implicated in either of these by the Fremont County, Iowa, court, and was released.

On March 25, 1882, Polk Wells was sentenced to ten years at hard labor at the Iowa State Penitentiary at Fort Madison, prisoner No. 3523.

Hardly a month passed before Wells and two others drugged a seventy-three-year-old hospital attendant and escaped over the hospital roof. The April 30 escape left the attendant dead and Wells on the run. He was captured on May 4, was tried, and found guilty of murder. Wells was sentenced to life on May 19. This time, he was sent to the Men's Reformatory in Anamosa, Iowa.

At the time of the transfer, Wells was considered to be insane. Some say the beating he took from Marshal Thomas and the shots from Sheriff Farrell probably contributed to this condition. Charles Knox Polk Wells died at Anamosa on September 11, 1896. By most accounts, he was forty-five at the time of his death.

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The Saga of the San Augustine Ranch

By Frederick Nolan

East of New Mexico's Organ Needles, on the trail through the mountains between the White Sands and the Rio Grande valley now known as the San Augustine Pass, there was once a group of five springs in a grove of ash oak and giant cottonwoods. Early Spanish explorers dubbed them *El Ojo del Espiritu* (Spirit Springs) and considered them a gift of St. Augustine (AD 354-430) sometimes called the "Christian Aristotle," one of the founders of the Roman Catholic Church. The site was known to the Apaches long before the white man arrived, and to early explorers, but by whom and when the extensive stone ruins nearby were built is still a matter for conjecture.

Some believe the first European inhabitant was a Catholic priest who used Indian labor to build walls to protect his vineyards. Another tradition holds that the grove was settled about 1790 by Franciscan friars, hence the considerable extent of the ruins. It is known the springs were a much used stopover point on *El Camino del Sal*, the Old Salt Trail used by Spaniards and, later, Mexicans to haul salt from the Estancia valley to El Paso del Norte in colonial times. In that early time salt was currency—to be traded for food, for clothing, for goods. Salt was a preservative and savor for newly killed beef or lamb, sold or used for *cambalache*—barter, one necessity for another.

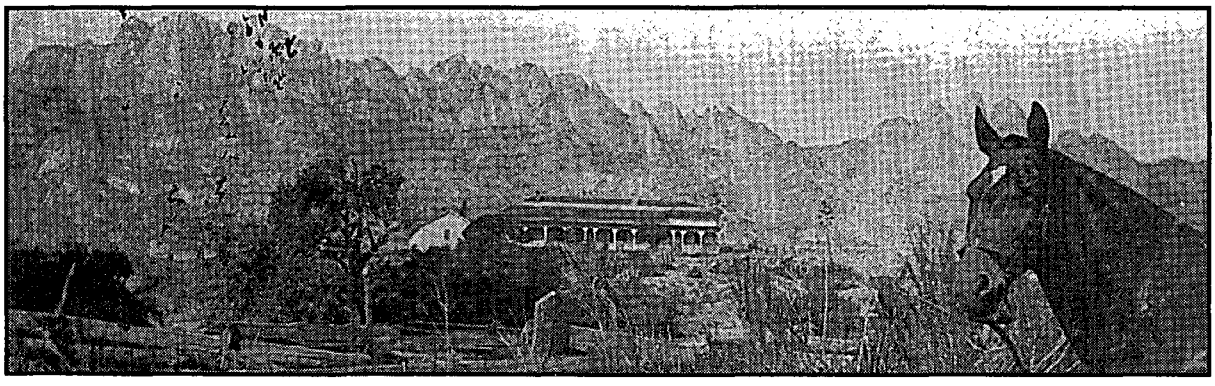
From the Mexican *salteros* who blazed the trail from old Juarez to the salt and soda beds that lie at the eastern feet of the San Andres mountains, to the travelers who followed in their footsteps, extending the rutted road eastward toward the Pecos Valley and beyond to Texas and Indian Territory and west into the Rio Grande valley and on into Arizona, and California, the springs provided a welcome shelter and stopping place.

In 1846 Stephen Watts Kearny's American Army of the West marched down the Rio Grande to claim the territory for the United States, later establishing a military post at Doña Ana. The civilian quartermaster's clerk of this expedition was a good-looking, ambitious young man from Indiana named Thomas J. Bull. After quitting the army, he settled on the land around the famous springs and began ranching, supplying beef to the military. In 1851 Bull won the army contract to supply the lumber for constructing Fort Millard Fillmore, using timber from the slopes of the Organ Mountains near the spring. He also bought horses, no questions asked, which he sold to the army, setting a precedent for the years that would follow.

Later, Bull opened a store on the plaza in La Mesilla and invested in townsites in nearby Las Cruces. As his businesses there prospered, he sold his San Augustine holdings to Warren H. Shedd. Shedd had been familiar with the area since the 1840s when he had brought a wagon train from St. Louis to trade in El Paso. As he passed through the site in 1845, he asked who had built the imposing ruins and when.

"*¿Quien sabe?*" was the reply. "The trees and the walls have always been here."

Although some sources give his Christian names as Warren Fay, it is



Courtesy Rob Cox collection

The San Augustine Ranch, circa 1900.

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Author's collection

Warren H. Shedd.

as Warren H. Shedd that he appears in 1874 court appearances in La Mesilla and in the 1880 census of Doña Ana County. He was born at Sardinia, New York on November 6, 1829, his mother a native of that state; his father was from Vermont. Young Warren married at nineteen; when his wife died he moved west to Malta, Illinois. At some point he again married and fathered three children, but abandoned his family early in the Civil War, wandered westward via St. Louis, and in 1861 purchased the 160-acre San Augustine Ranch. Shedd quickly added a small inn and commissary, along with a forage and fuel area. The main house was a solid structure built around three sides of a patio; a second patio with a high wall and a single gateway faced (and still faces) the Organ Mountains. All windows and rooms opened on to the inner patio as protection against Apaches and random bullets from outlaw six-guns.

During the Civil War, the San Augustine Ranch was the scene of an infamous military debacle when, following an inconclusive collision at La Mesilla with invading Confederate forces commanded by Colonel John R. Baylor, Vermont-born Major Isaac Lynde, Seventh Infantry, in what he perceived to be a desperate situation, abandoned Fort Fillmore, four miles south of Las Cruces, and retreated toward Fort Stanton with his entire command. The evacuation, effected during the night of July 26, 1861, was a shambles; discipline was slack and many troopers emptied their water canteens and filled them with liquor.

Consequently during the searingly hot twenty-two-mile march to the nearest water at San Augustine, many of them collapsed by the trail, begging for water.

Baylor led his troops in pursuit, taking a route through a gap in the mountains still named for him, cutting off Lynde's retreat in the San Augustine. There Lynde, ignoring the protests of his officers, tamely surrendered eleven companies of cavalry and infantry comprising between five and six hundred veterans to Baylor's two hundred without a shot being fired. The surrender also donated about 300 head of cattle, 200 horses, mules, wagons, and two pieces of artillery to the Confederate cause. A few days later, Baylor proclaimed that part of New Mexico to be the Confederate Territory of Arizona, with Mesilla as its capital and himself as governor.

Following the Confederate defeat and withdrawal from New Mexico and the arrival of General James H. Carleton's famed California Column the following year, Shedd again expanded his activities, adding a new hotel and stage station, along with bigger, stronger corrals. Throughout this period the Apaches were a constant threat. In mid-January 1869, one of their victims was Samuel Horrell, patriarch of a Lampasas, Texas, clan that would later become enmeshed in an infamous Texas feud. Horrell, who had driven a herd from Lampasas to Las Cruces, together with his eighteen-year-old son, Tom, daughter-in-law, Sallie Ann (whose husband John had been killed in a Las Cruces gunfight shortly before), and her three children, were members of a party ambushed by the Indians. "Old Sam" and three other men were killed in the running fight that ensued. Sallie Ann Horrell hid her small children—two girls ages six and three, and a baby boy, just one year old—in a wagon, grabbed the old man's six-gun, and helped stand off the raiders long enough to reach Shedd's ranch, to which the Apaches then laid siege. They were finally driven off when a thirty-five-man posse arrived from Las Cruces. The Apaches remained dangerous; a year and a half later, in October 1870, George Nesmith of Tularosa reported the Apaches were raiding in the San Augustine and that two Mexicans had been killed.

Although Shedd had been forced by such raids to abandon the sawmill operation at the Pinery, by this time his ranch had grown into a sizable settlement featuring a store, a commodious hotel-restaurant, a saloon, a dance-hall, and a brothel. It was said he spent a lot of time in La Mesilla, Las Cruces, or even Mexico, where he picked up or even bought young women and took them to the ranch for immoral purposes. When their charms had been fully exploited, they were sold into peonage. In 1874, Shedd told *The Mesilla News* that between January and September of that year, 3,200 people had stopped at the ranch. Some indication of his profits may be gleaned from the fact he charged guests a dollar a bucket for water and fifty cents a head for livestock. It was also widely understood among the criminal fraternity that if you stayed at the ranch while you were on the run, Shedd's charges automatically doubled.

Over the thirty years or so that it flourished, Shedd's ranch was considered—along with the Beckwiths' at Seven Rivers and Jimmy McDaniels' ranch at San Nicolas Springs—to be one of the toughest places in New Mexico. It was also a known and welcoming haven for every horse and cattle thief in southern New Mexico and a favorite watering hole of Texas badman Jesse Evans and his gang, known as "The Boys." Jesse and many of his sidekicks had learned the art of stealing horses while working for John Chisum's Jinglebob outfit in New Mexico's Pecos Valley. Until that time—1874—the field had been dominated by native New Mexicans; Jesse and his cronies quit the Jinglebob and set out to take over the lucrative horse-thieving

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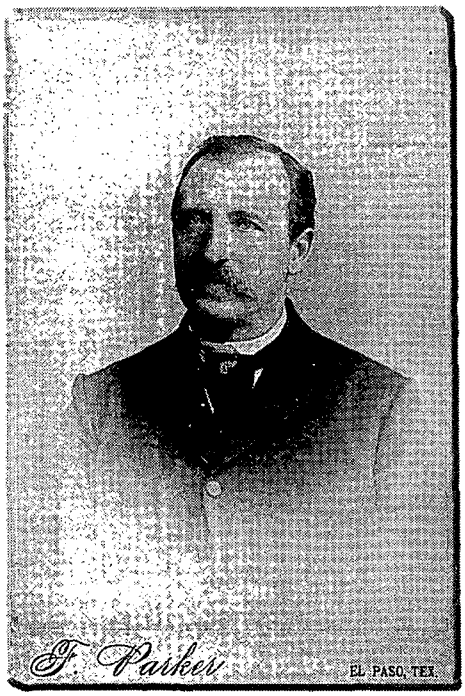
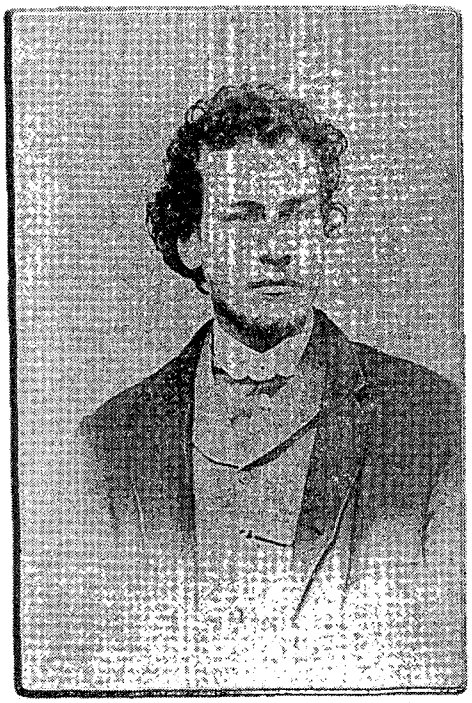


Courtesy Robert G. McCubbin collection

Albert J. Fountain.

Author's collection

John H. Tunstall.



Author's collection

Dick Brewer.

trade by putting their rivals out of business—permanently.

On August 8, 1875, according to the *Mesilla Valley Independent*, Jesus Mes, Pas Mes, Thomas Madrid, and Jermin Aguirre, headquartered at the Boquilla on the lower Hondo in Lincoln County, "stole thirty horses and made for Mexico, arriving at San Ignacio. Juan Mes had preceded them. James McDaniels and a posse of four men followed the trail. The Mexican authorities arrested the men and horses and turned them over to McDaniels upon his word of honor that he would return them to Lincoln....

"McDaniel[s] arrived at the San Augustin ranch and asked for help in returning the men to Lincoln as he had [heard] rumors that friends in Las Cruces would attempt a rescue. At 11 p.m. a group of armed men arrived, forced McDaniel[s] and the guard to one side and shot the prisoners. McDaniel[s]...said that he knew none of the masked party."

And it was doubtless sheer coincidence that not six months later, in 1876, Evans, Frank Freeman, and some others killed Pancho Cruz, Roman Mes, and Thomas Gurulé, all well-known Lincoln County rustlers, near Shedd's ranch. According to the *Independent*, Rosas Olguin was assassinated "in the back alleys of Las Cruces."

The Evans gang now became part of an interlinked chain of rustler gangs that stretched from Missouri to the Pacific, from Mexico to northern Colorado and beyond. Big enough to deter most small-town posses from pursuit, well-armed enough to fight off raiding Apaches, this loosely-knit fraternity of thieves went where they pleased, stole what they wanted, and terrorized or killed anyone who tried to stop them.

In the summer of 1877, however, undeterred by death threats from Evans and his cohorts, Mesilla attorney Albert J. Fountain ran a series of outspoken editorials in the *Mesilla Valley Independent* that named The Boys and detailed their crimes. Shedd's ranch, he said on September 22, was "the headquarters, the haunt, and the rendezvous of the worst gang of thieves and cutthroats that ever cursed any civilized community with its presence. The mountains and canyons in its vicinity afford hiding places for stolen stock, and lurking places for the banditti that have been plundering the citizens of Doña Ana and Lincoln counties. Our authorities have for some time had an eye on this den, and it is about time they took steps toward breaking it up. A thorough search on the east side of the Organ mountains would not prove unprofitable to persons who have had stock stolen from them... during the past year."

Fountain's campaign culminated in Governor Samuel Axtell's authorizing the mobilization of the militia, whereupon the Evans gang decided to transfer its activities to the safer environs of Lincoln County. One of its hangers-on at this time was a little-known fugitive from Arizona justice going by the name of Kid Antrim, later to become rather better known as Billy the Kid.

On September 18, some of the gang stole a number of horses belonging to English rancher John Tunstall, attorney Alexander McSween, and Tunstall's friend and foreman, Dick Brewer. Brewer, accompanied by his neighbors Charlie Bowdre and Josiah "Doc" Scurlock, pursued the rustlers to the San Augustine. Brewer rode on into Las Cruces to get assistance, but Sheriff Mariano Barela, widely known to be "in" with the gang, refused to help. Learning from Bowdre and Scurlock that the gang—and the horses—were at

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Courtesy Robert G. McCubbin collection

Charlie Bowdre and his wife, Manuela.

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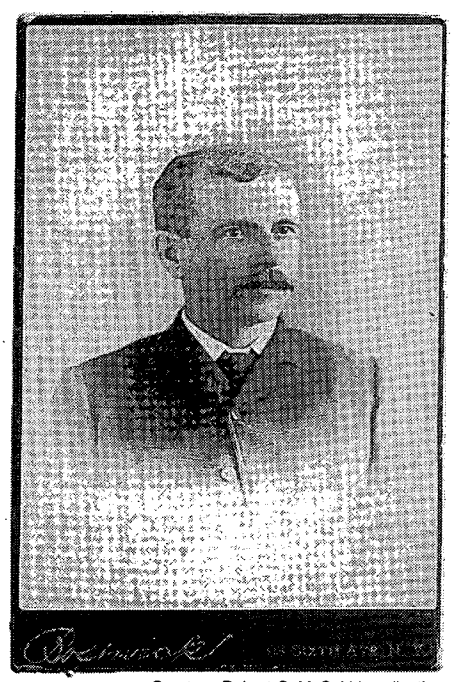
Josiah G. "Doc" Scurlock and his wife, Antonia.



Courtesy Robert G. McCubbin collection

James J. Dolan.

Shedd's ranch, Brewer rode up and courageously demanded the return of the stock, which he could see in the corrals. Jesse Evans just laughed at him. "Not after all the trouble we went to to steal them," he jeered. "But I admire your guts, Brewer. You can have your horses back."

"If you can't give me the Englishman's as well you can keep them and go to hell!" Brewer snapped.

The big man's petulant response probably gave The Boys an even bigger laugh. Taking him at his word, they kept the horses and left, making a big circle westward out into Grant County, there disposing of the stock they had and stealing more in the Burro Mountains. By October 8, they were back at Shedd's and a few days later in Seven Rivers, where they no doubt found ready buyers for their booty.

Jesse was back at Shedd's just after the turn of the year. On January 19, after stealing some horses, he and two others were pursued by three men near Lloyd's ranch, about thirty miles north of Las Cruces. In the shoot-out that followed, several horses were killed and Evans was slightly wounded in the groin. He was still (expensively) convalescing at Shedd's a month later when it was the scene of an angry confrontation between the Englishman, John Tunstall, and his economic opponent in Lincoln County, James J. Dolan. The cause of this face-off was a letter Tunstall had written to the *Mesilla Valley Independent,* wherein he accused Sheriff William Brady of turning county taxes over to Dolan's firm—known throughout Lincoln County as "The House"—where they were used to buy cattle. Tunstall's motivation was plain: he was trying to protect and defend his friend and intended partner, Alexander McSween, who was under arrest on charges of having embezzled money belonging to the estate of Emil Fritz, a former partner in The House. McSween had been summoned to La Mesilla for a preliminary hearing before Judge Warren Bristol, and Tunstall had gone along. As they were breakfasting in Shedd's corrals on the morning of February 5, on their way back to Lincoln, Jimmy Dolan—Winchester in hand—came into sight with Jesse Evans tagging along. Dolan was fighting mad; he accosted Tunstall and asked him if he was ready to settle their differences.

"Are you asking me to fight a duel?" Tunstall said.

"You damned coward, I want you to fight and settle our differences," Dolan snapped, cocking and uncocking the Winchester three times.

"I am not a fighting man, Mr. Dolan," Tunstall said stiffly. "I don't make my living that way."

Before anything worse could happen Adolph Barrier, the San Miguel County deputy sheriff in charge of the arrested McSween, stepped between the two men. Frustrated in his attempt to goad Tunstall into an action that could be construed as offensive and thus kill him "in self-defense," Dolan backed off.

"You won't fight this morning, you damned coward," he sneered, "but I'll get you yet."

He was as good as his word. Ten days later Tunstall was dead, and the Lincoln County War had begun. The reverberations of that conflict hardly touched Shedd's ranch, 150 miles to the west, although once in a while its occupants found themselves on the fringe of it. One such time was in mid-March, 1878, when Jesse Evans turned up there with his right arm shot to pieces. On March 14, he and Tom Hill, said to have been the man who had killed Tunstall, tried to rob the camp of John Wagner, a sheepman taking a herd to Texas, shooting down the sole guard, a herder. The man played dead, grabbed a rifle, and literally caught Hill bending, putting a bullet through him from stern to stem, killing him instantly. A second shot shattered Evans' right arm. Bleeding and in agony, Evans managed to make it to Shedd's ranch,

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where he was arrested by rancher and Deputy Marshal David Wood on warrants issued by U.S. Marshal John Sherman. Doubtless aware Evans had an "in" with the law in Las Cruces, Woods elected to take him to the guardhouse at Fort Stanton, where he could also receive medical treatment. Although he did recover, Jesse was pretty much out of things until the summer, which very few people considered much of a loss.

Stories of mayhem and murder at Shedd's ranch continued. There was liquor for those who wanted it, gambling, poker, chuckaluck, monte, faro, roulette, and crack-loo for anyone with the stakes, women who smiled at every visitor but never left the building, and sudden death for those who pushed their luck too far. A gambler who had lost heavily grabbed a fat pot and ran for his horse. Fred Bascom of Las Cruces shot him out of the saddle and they buried him without benefit of clergy. After playing roulette around the clock, another drifter, going by the name of Cardwell, shot an employee and made a run for it. One of the ranch hands, Al Carver, shot him as he mounted, one foot still in the stirrup. The frightened horse dragged Cardwell to death, and he, too, was buried where he lay.

Another night a professional gambler unwisely got into an argument with Bill Page, a former deputy of El Paso Town Marshal Dallas Stoudenmire. Without ado Page unlimbered his gun and shot the tinhorn dead. An ill-advised—and unarmed—young fellow joshed a high roller from Georgia named Chris Logan about his bad luck; Logan killed him on the spot.

Change was in the air, however. In 1879, Welshman Benjamin Davies, a veteran of the California Column and former post trader at Fort Selden, entered into a partnership with the Lesinsky brothers, Silver City merchants, and they soon had 7,500 sheep grazing on the eastern slopes of the Organs. Davies was tough and determined, as is evidenced by the stories of his having acquired a wife, Julia, and two daughters in 1875 by simply running off Julia's husband, a certain Sergeant Henderson who was living at the ranch. True or not, the three women adopted the Davies name and the family was held in the highest respect.

Davies, who had become postmaster at San Augustine in 1876, laid out a homestead adjacent to the Shedd place with "extensive corrals of cobblestones with adobe above. He also has a milk house for making soap from the offal of sheep butchered for herders and other employees," reported the *Mesilla Valley Independent.*

The following year Davies proved up on his homestead, thirty-five acres of which overlapped the land claimed by Shedd. That same year he shipped 30,000 pounds of wool, but more significantly, imported six Durham heifers, the first blooded and pedigreed cattle brought into Doña Ana County. He made several offers for the Shedd ranch but Shedd, although growing older and unable to prevent encroachments on his fiefdom, held out.

Author's collection

Benjamin Davies.

Tragedy struck again at the San Augustine when Bertha Wales Davies, the only child of Ben and Julia, was bitten by a rattlesnake. Julia, who was alone on the farm, made heroic efforts to save the child, but the girl died in her mother's arms. She was buried within sight of the house. Her gravestone, surrounded by a little iron fence, is still there. The epitaph reads "Bertha Wales, beloved daughter of B.E. and J.H. Davies. Born October 17, 1876. Died July 19, 1880. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

In 1882, Davies and Lesinsky bought 1,000 head of cattle from Las Cruces stockmen David Wood and D.M. Reede, and from then on, began to phase themselves out of the sheep business. By the end of that year, Davies was being called "The Cattle King of Doña Ana County."

Shedd's enterprises still flourished. In March 1882, a Las Cruces newspaper reported he had "let a contract for a hotel, 40 x 60 ft. Mr. Rose is building a new store at San Agustin for his business." Forster and Rose were longtime Shedd employees who had acquired equities in Shedd's holdings; their "hotel" stood apart from the main ranch buildings. It was a matter of common knowledge it was a sporting house. It speaks highly of Benjamin Davies' probity and standing that his reputation was never so much as remotely tainted by its proximity.

Davies finally broke down Warren Shedd's resistance in August 1882, when according to the El Paso *Lone Star*, the latter "sold 35 acres including buildings and corrals to Davies for $5000. He [Shedd] will build a hotel at a spring on a quarter section northwest of Davies."

Shedd never seems to have carried out his intention. Although the chronology is a little confused, it appears that around this time he became infected by the mining madness which had taken over the whole area. J.E. Sligh, editor of the White Oaks *Golden Era* wrote of arriving at the ranch where "All the talk is of mines. Old man Shedd gets up every morning at 4 a.m. to go to his mine 4 miles away and puts in a day's work." Actually Shedd's mine was the Lady Hopkins, only two miles away, but it is evident he wasn't taking care of

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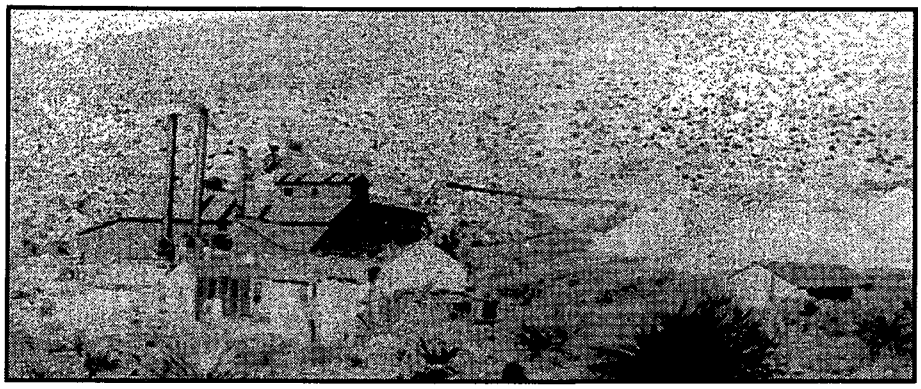

Rio Grande Historical Collection, NMSU

Stephenson-Bennett mine.

business at the ranch.

The center for mining activity in the Organ Mountains area was and had always been Stephenson's mine, originally known as the Santo Domingo de Calzada. Hugh Stephenson of El Paso acquired an interest in the mine about 1849 and worked it for ten years, smelting ore in a furnace near Fort Fillmore. He sold out to New York investors during the fifties, and the mine again changed hands after the Civil War when two officers from the California Column, George Bowie and Charles Smith, gained possession. In August 1864, Captain William McCleave and Surgeon William McKee, also veterans of the Carleton column, joined Bowie, Smith, and others in organizing a mining company to work three mines.

At least a dozen Californian veterans staked claims in the Organs in the two decades following their arrival in New Mexico, among them William Rynerson and Joseph Bennett, who developed valuable mining properties in the area. The Bennett and Stephenson mines were particularly valuable properties. The two would be combined in 1891 with William T. Thornton as president, and Albert Fountain as secretary. Lesser shareholders included Bennett, Davies, and Silver City investors Singleton Ashenfelter and Henry Lesinsky.

By May 1883, there was a scattering of mining camps all around the San Augustine. Violence flared when miner Ed Campbell, reputed to have "a mania for taking human life" when he was drinking, tangled with stockman R.H. Morrison after one Frank Chamberlain carried tales to him of what Morrison had said about him.

"Words passed between them," reported the *Rio Grande Republican*, "when Caldwell drew his revolver and fired, killing Morrison instantly. Caldwell then went up to Mr. Rose, the proprietor of the hotel, and placing his revolver to his head, ordered Rose to follow him to the stable. Rose obeyed and gave Caldwell one of his best horses. Caldwell demanded some money and Rose gave him $25."

Never letting Rose get more than a foot away, Caldwell demanded a bill of sale for the horse, had him saddled, and hit the road for El Paso. As he passed the old Ed Hampton saloon, he was "called upon to throw up his arms and surrender. He answered by discharging his revolver when a volley of shots were fired at him and he fell from his horse. None of Caldwell's shots took effect." Frank Chamberlain, "the white livered villain" who had been at the bottom of several other quarrels," was given fifteen minutes to get out of the camp or be strung up like the cur he was.

Just a month later, miner Bill Page—the former El Paso law officer reputed to be "quarrelsome when drunk and in the habit of making pistol plays"—was playing cards in Clary & Phinney's saloon with a man named Matlock. Both were drinking heavily and each accused the other of cheating. They elected to go outside and settle matters and Page went over to the bar and asked bartender Carr for his pistol. Seeing Page's condition, Carr refused; whereupon, the *Republican* reported, "Page then got behind the bar and clutched Carr, who is rather a small man, and backing him up against the wall, reached for a knife lying there. Carr got hold of his revolver which was on the shelf and fired twice. Page fell and died in about thirty minutes."

Carr was acquitted on grounds of self-defense. It transpired just a few months earlier that Page had ordered a Major Brown to leave his bed at the hotel at gunpoint so that Page could have it. Page got a nice gravestone that can still be seen below the ranch. He was missed, as they say, but not mourned.

Benjamin Davies finally acquired all of Warren Shedd's land. The old man, now almost penniless, divided his time between staying with loyal Mexican friends in Las Cruces or up in the mountains working his mining claims like some strange brown gnome. Davies, however, ran into difficulties when a killing winter in 1890-91 took an enormous toll on his herds. He tried to stem his financial losses by opening a meat market in El Paso, but died there suddenly on a Sunday morning in 1891, leaving his wife only $5,000 and a mountain of debts. She would later claim the Lesinsky brothers had swindled her out of nearly everything, including a half interest in the San Augustine ranch.

In a later deposition, David Wood estimated the value of the ranch at that time as between $40,000-75,000, but stated that Davies' debts totaled around $30,000. John H. Wilde of El Paso became manager and administrator of the San Augustine ranch; some believe it was he who drilled and named the well, eight miles east of Orogrande. The well would later play a role in a famous shoot-out between Pat Garrett and Oliver Lee. Others claimed that the ranch got its name from its owner, Ernest Wildy, son of a Roswell, New Mexico, merchant and landowner.

Drought decimated the San Augustine cattle herd two summers

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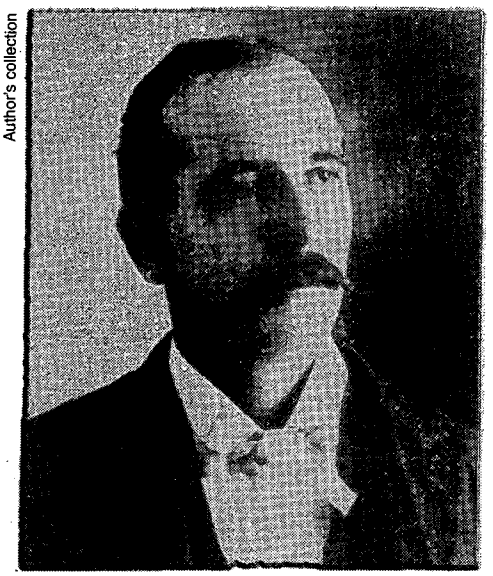

From left to right: Patrick F. Garrett and his wife, Apolinaria, W.W. Cox, and Oliver Lee.

later, and Wilde drove the remainder to Texas, where he was killed when a horse fell on him. The Davies women were unable to maintain the ranch, which passed into the hands of Las Cruces merchant and politician Numa Reymond. In 1893, he sold it to a Texas rancher named William W. Cox.

William Webb Cox was born in La Vaca County, Texas, on November 12, 1854. His parents were Alabamans who had emigrated to Texas when it was still part of Mexico. His father, James W. Cox, born about 1824, settled in DeWitt County, where he became a major participant in the infamous Sutton-Taylor feud. He and a deputy, W.S. "Jake" Christman, were killed in an ambush in mid-May 1873; Cox's body was found to have nineteen buckshot in his body and a slashed throat. It was said John Wesley Hardin had a hand in the killings, and young Bill Cox, who had found his father's body, determined to shoot Hardin on sight; it is possible they may have fought and wounded each other.

Cox was among those arrested after "Sutton partisans" killed Dr. Philip Brassell and his son, James, on September 19, 1876, for reasons still unknown. He is said to have spent several years in jail, but this is uncertain. Some of the legal battles generated by this case lasted almost thirty years. Long before they were over, Bill Cox had jumped bail and hightailed it for the Big Bend country, taking along his wife, Margaret Zerelda Rhode, and her sister Winifred, the future wife of Oliver Lee.

There he met J. Meyer Halff, a wealthy Jewish rancher, and became foreman of Halff's sheep ranch on the lower Pecos. Halff and Cox formed a close friendship that lasted until Halff's death—so close that Cox's first son was named Riley Halff (he was always known as Hal) Cox in honor of his father's patron.

In 1888, scouting for new pasturage for Halff's sheep, Cox and his kin—a clan was in the making now—relocated at Los Alamos Springs on Black Mountain, at the southern end of the San Andres mountains. Their "home" was a cave, extended by digging and finished with a lean-to. Its doors were sheepskins and its other furnishings, by definition, meager. Here an infant son died and a daughter was born. And here Cox got to know and appreciate the possibilities of the rich, well-watered rangeland that comprised the San Augustine ranch.

As yet, however, he was in no position to buy land. Instead, he moved his family to Fort Defiance, near present-day Gallup, New Mexico, where they ran a restaurant. Restless to return to stock raising, Cox ended his association with Halff. He took his payoff in sheep and relocated about seven miles north of Cooke's Peak in the dangerous heart of Apacheria. Here he established a substantial herd of what were called "slick sided" sheep—old ewes noted for bearing twin lambs—and his herds grew large. Another son and daughter were born at this location. In all, the Coxes would have eight children.

Then in 1893, Cox heard the San Augustine was for sale. He immediately converted his ranch and sheep holdings to cash, struck a deal with Numa Reymond, and bought the place, which has remained in the family ever since. Purchasing another 2,000 sheep from Halff, Cox drove them back to the Organs, where they flourished and increased.

Warren Shedd, now in his seventies, was still living—mostly on Margaret Cox's handouts—at what the Cox family called Shedd's Park. According to the *Rio Grande Republican* of September 1, 1894, his ranch was in "one of the most beautiful canyons in that part of the country" and Shedd, "one of the most polite and courteous gentlemen we have ever met," had a garden with splendid watermelons. "He expects," the newspaper added, "to build a large house for the accom-

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modation of visitors," but his expectations were never to be realized. Just three years later, Shedd's daughter took him with her to Arkansas, where he was reunited with his wife, Mary, after a separation of almost forty years. When Mary died in 1899, the family took him to Elgin, Illinois, where he died April 19, 1904.

The Shedd era was over. The Cox era that followed began with a sensation, the mysterious murder on February 1, 1896, of Colonel Albert J. Fountain and his nine-year-old son, Henry, near San Augustine Pass. When no trace of either their bodies or their killers could be located, rewards totaling more than $12,500 were posted, attracting the attention of a one-time manhunter who had fallen on parlous times—Pat F. Garrett, the lanky slayer of Billy the Kid. Governor William Thornton invited him to take on the case as a private investigator with a chance to become sheriff of Doña Ana County. Garrett jumped at the offer.

Over the next three years, Garrett continued to investigate the murder. His principal suspects were Jim Gilliland, Bill McNew, and Bill Cox's brother-in-law, Oliver Lee. When bench warrants were issued for McNew and another cowboy, Bill Carr, Garrett's strategy became clear: if he could get either of them to turn state's evidence, he would have the evidence he needed to nail Lee. For almost a year, Gilliland and Lee laid out in remote places until early in July 1898, they were located by two of Garrett's deputies in the corral of Cox's San Augustine ranch.

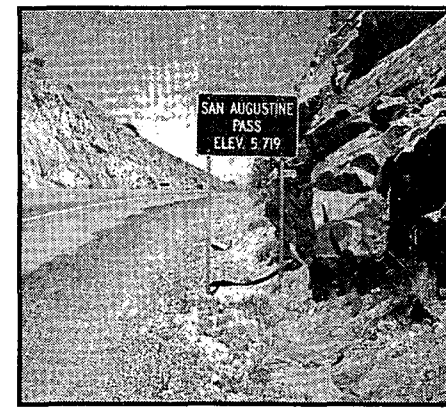
Author's collection

Jim Gilliland.

They told the deputies they were heading for Wildy's Well, and when Garrett was apprised of this, he hastily swore in a four-man posse and headed for the ranch. A shoot-out ensued in which one of Garrett's deputies was fatally wounded; although outnumbering the fugitives two-to-one, Garrett was forced to back off and ride away without his prisoners. Lee and Gilliland, now wanted for murder, chose to go to trial and surrendered under terms arranged by Governor Miguel Otero. Their trial began on May 25, 1899, at Hillsboro. On June 15, clearly convinced that defense counsel Albert Fall was right when he contemptuously told them "you would not hang a yellow dog on this evidence," the jury found both men not guilty and they were released. It was the end of the formal investigation of the Fountain murders, for which no one was ever again indicted, although "everyone knew" who was guilty. It was not Pat Garrett's finest hour, and worse was to come.

Early in October 1899, Garrett got word that a wanted fugitive was hiding out at San Augustine ranch under the name of Billy Reed. He was believed to be fugitive Norman Newman, wanted for a robbery and murder committed in Greer County, Oklahoma Territory, a year earlier. Sprung from jail by Perry Cox, Bill's brother, "Reed" had turned up at the ranch and been given a kitchen job helping Bill Cox's wife, Margaret, who was pregnant.

Greer County Sheriff George Blalock, together with Garrett and his deputy, Jose Espalin, rode up to the ranch. Blalock stayed with the buckboard while the other two went into the kitchen where Reed was washing dishes. Garrett drew his gun and told Reed he had a warrant for his arrest. As Reed seemed to acquiesce, Garrett holstered the gun to get his handcuffs, whereupon the younger man smashed him in the face with his fist. Garrett retaliated



Author's collection

The San Augustine Pass.

by lashing out with the cuffs, and Reed fell to the ground. Then, as the two lawmen tried to cuff him, a bulldog named Old Booze, excited by the melee, came in through the open window and fastened his teeth into Garrett's leg. The whole thing turned into a wild brawl, with bodies crashing about and furniture breaking. Reed managed to break free and made a run for the adjoining meathouse. Espalin yanked out his gun to fire two shots. One bullet struck the wall, the other tore through Reed from back to front, killing him instantly. The two men dragged Reed's body out to the waiting buckboard, tossed it in, and left immediately.

Bill Cox was not at the ranch when all this happened; when he returned and learned the shooting had taken place with his pregnant wife sitting terrified in an adjoining room, he was mightily displeased, although the family has always been emphatic that his displeasure never turned to enmity. Whether that also applied to Margaret Cox's brother, A.P. "Print" Rhode, however, is another question entirely. In fact, Rhode was so angry when he heard about the shooting he swore that if Garrett were not so far away he would have killed him on sight.

If Garrett, now in El Paso, was aware of such threats, they did not seem to bother him. He would not return to the San Augustine until 1906, when, his brief incumbency as collector of customs in El Paso at an end, he resumed ranching on the 160-acre spread he had homestead-ed about seven miles north of the

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Courtesy Robert N. Mullin collection

Courtesy Rob Cox collection

Left: Bill Conner, Wayne Brazel, and Jim Lee. Brazel shaved his head as a joke. Above: The San Augustine Ranch, circa 1906, with W.W. Cox in a Mexican sombrero.

pass. In 1899, he bought Sinking Spring from rancher David Wood, effectively gaining control of the whole of Bear Canyon. The lure of gambling and fast women in El Paso kept Garrett away from his ranch much of the time, and he sank deeper and deeper into debt. Bill Cox took up the ex-lawman's mortgage note for $2000 and when he was unable to secure any kind of payment, appropriated Garrett's cattle in lieu. The courts confiscated the ranch and auctioned it off, giving Garrett one year to make full restitution. Garrett needed his cattle to pay the court debt; Cox refused to return them until Garrett paid off his mortgage. Bad feelings simmered.

On March 11, 1907, during one of his father's increasingly frequent absences, Poe Garrett leased the Bear Canyon ranch to Jesse Wayne Brazel, who with his silent partner Print Rhode, planned to raise goats on the land. Garrett was unhappy about this development because goats left the land useless for cattle; he even went to court to try to get them ousted. During the December 1907 hearing, Rhode—whose grudge against him dated back to the killing of Billy Reed—angrily accosted Garrett but Pat declined to fight.

Garrett spent the next two months in and out of El Paso. Then in February, out of the blue, he got a handsome offer, brokered by a young Roswellian named Carl Adamson. One of the Southwest's most notorious gunmen, James P. "Killin' Jim" Miller, would buy the ranch provided Garrett broke Brazel's lease and got rid of the goats. Desperate to get out of debt, Garrett put pressure on Brazel to move out; Brazel agreed to do so provided Miller would buy the goats, about 1,200 of them, at $3.50 a head. An agreement was struck, but a few days later Brazel informed Garrett and Miller that in fact there were 1,800 goats and unless Miller bought them all the deal was off. Garrett was incensed, and although it looked as if there was no chance of the sale being completed—Miller, doubted he could raise the extra money—the three men agreed to meet in Las Cruces to thrash things out.

On the morning of February 29, 1908, Garrett and Carl Adamson, who had overnighted at the Garrett ranch, got into a buckboard and headed for Las Cruces. Along the way they overtook Wayne Brazel, who rode along with them. Shortly after they reached the remote Alarneda Arroyo, someone called a comfort stop. As Garrett was urinating, he was shot dead.

Brazel immediately surrendered himself for the killing, claiming self-defense. When Garrett's body was brought in, he was found to have been shot in the back of the head and again in the body after he had fallen. At a preliminary hearing before a Spanish-speaking magistrate in which all testimony was given in English, Carl Adamson testified that he had been "looking the other way" and had not seen what happened.

Brazel was released on bail (furnished by W.W. Cox) and was not brought to trial until April 1909. The prosecution was conducted, according to Garrett's biographer, "with appalling indifference and incompetence," and Brazel was acquitted; Carl Adamson was not even called to testify. It was said that the same night there was a barbecue at the Cox ranch that "soon turned into an occasion for rejoicing over the death of Pat Garrett."

A simmering feud fatally finalized?

Or an arranged assassination?

We will probably never know because there are just too many questions no one now alive can

Author's collection

"Killin' Jim" Miller.

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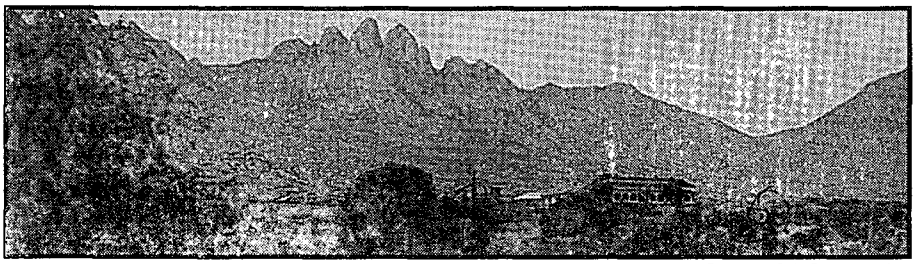


Courtesy Rob Cox collection

The San Augustine Ranch in the 1930s.

answer. If anything at all comes close to the truth, it is probably the advice Emerson Hough gave to a man who later tried to raise money to finance an investigation of the Garrett murder. "Garrett got killed for trying to find out who killed Fountain," the novelist said, "and you will get killed for trying to find out who killed Garrett. I would advise you to let it alone."

During the years between the Fountain and Garrett murders, Cox had increased his range holdings, acquiring homesteads, buying railroad land, pre-empting mining claims and squatters rights until he owned more than 150,000 acres, over which grazed several thousand head of cattle and perhaps a hundred breeding mares. The chain of springs was utilized to irrigate orchards and vineyards and even a vegetable garden. At Hackberry Spring, north of the ruins, an enormous peach tree flourished. However, significant losses in the cattle business caused by drought and market downturns convinced him to turn his attention to the possibility of finding oil in the Tularosa Basin. In 1919 the Cox Oil Company was formed, and employees were sent to Texas to study drilling methods. After more than a year of expensive exploration, Cox abandoned the project. Hard on the heels of this disappointment, another drought dried up the range.

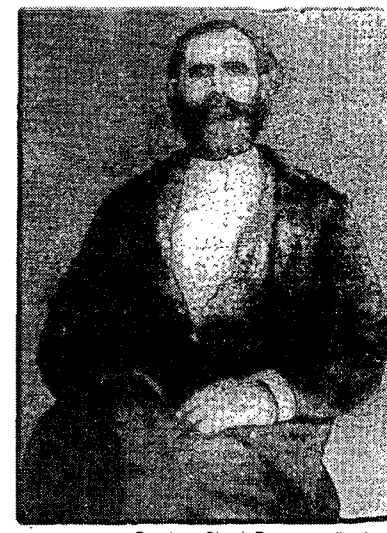
It was at this time he finally addressed himself to the indictments still outstanding against him in DeWitt County, Texas. Law enforcement officers had made three separate attempts to extradite Cox, each of which was turned down by successive governors of New Mexico, L. Bradford Prince, William T. Thornton, and Miguel Otero. Cox decided to return to Texas and face the music, raising bonds and sureties in excess of $3 million. The grand jury later dismissed all charges against him.

Bill Cox died on December 31, 1923, and the ranch was operated as an estate for three years, until it was purchased by Cox Brothers, Inc., a corporation consisting of three Cox brothers and a brother-in-law, J.A. Stablein. In 1936, this company was dissolved, and Hal Cox took the north one-fourth of the ranch and James W. Cox bought out the other two partners.

James and his wife, Fannie, had three sons. The oldest, William W. Cox, II, was serving as a lieutenant-colonel in the U.S. Army when he was killed in an air crash in the Philippines in 1945. Jay Cox served in the U.S. Navy, and the youngest, Robert, was in the Armored Corps, fought in the Battle of the Bulge in 1944, and was decorated with the Silver Star.

James Cox continued ranching in the old tradition until the end of World War II, when the federal government expropriated a huge area of southern New Mexico—including more than 90 percent of the San Augustine Ranch—for what would eventually become the White Sands Missile Range. The Cox family was allowed to retain and use the old ranch house except when major missile tests were scheduled; that rule is still in force.

When Jim Cox retired to Las Cruces in 1976, Rob Cox and his wife, Marilyn, decided to sell their spread near Winston, New Mexico, and return to the home ranch. Murnie, as everyone calls her, is a native of Huntington, Indiana, who came to New Mexico to teach physical education and met Rob when



Courtesy Chuck Parsons collection

James W. Cox.

she flew to the Winston ranch to hunt deer with friends. They were married in 1957 and have three sons.

The old Shedd dance hall and saloon and everything associated with the bad old days of outlawry, mayhem, and murder, are gone to dust, marked only by a scatter of rocks and baked clay. Gone, too, is the Garrett ranch, the site now barred to public view because of its sensitive location in the heart of the missile testing range. Up there somewhere also is a tiny little cemetery where some of the Brazel family are buried, its only visitors the wild oryx that now roam the deserted canyons.

Rob Cox knows every inch of this range, every faint trail, every bump in the road. From time to time he takes visitors on a tour, shows them the old grave markers and the mysterious ruins, lets them hold the two bullets that his grandfather dug out of the walls, including the bullet that put an end to the life of Billy Reed.

Well over a hundred years after the first Cox set foot on the San Augustine, Rob and his wife, Murnie, proudly maintain and continue the finest traditions of the Southwest in the old family ranch beneath the towering Organ Mountains.

If only those walls could speak.

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Massacre at the Yuma Crossing

Massacre at the Yuma Crossing: Spanish Relations with the Quechans, 1779-1782. By Mark Santiago. (University of Arizona Press, 1230 N. Park Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719-4140. ??? pages. $35.00 Cloth.)

If American pioneers had their "Indian problems," so did the Spanish settlers of the Southwest.

Massacre at the Yuma Crossing recounts a little-known event that had disastrous consequence for Spanish expansion, particularly in California. During a bloody, three-day revolt, July 17-19, 1781, the Quechans, also known as the Yumas wiped out a pair of fledgling Spanish mission-pueblos at the junction of the Colorado and Gila rivers. This action effectively denied passage to the only navigatable section of the Colorado and permanently slammed the door on the overland route to Alto California's infant colony.

The greatest calamity to overwhelm the Spanish on New Spain's northwestern frontier would be felt for nearly a century.

After that July 1781 incident, California was dependent on the sea for all communication with New Spain and few emigrants from the Southwest would feel the urge to make an arduous ocean voyage. Such ventures had no terrors for the ever-restless Americans, and before long most arrivals on the west coast were Anglo-Saxon. When gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill half a century later, the trickle of stateside emigrants became an engulfing flood.

But how had this come about? The bottom line, of course, was the natural resentment of the occupied Quechans, a proud and hardy people—though at first the situation had been contained by a trio of disparate individuals.

The leading player was an indomitable Francisian padre, Francisco Garces, who had discovered the Sonora to California route in the mid-1700s. The second member of the tragic cast was the Quechan Chieftan Olleyquotequiebe, known as Salvador Palma through the rite of baptism. The third was the haughty commandant-general of the Interior Provinces, Teodoro de Croix.

Each had flaws in judgment that would eventually destroy the Yuma Crossing project. Father Garces, and certain others, overestimated the apparent docility of their Quechan converts. Salvador Palma believed he could sway the more unruly of his tribe by lauding the Spanish "good works" and gifts, but the smoldering Quechans, no matter what they received, grumbled at the poor trade goods. For his part de Croix, a typical military politician of his day, favored a well-balanced budget over security when he established two pueblos among the Quechans with a garrison of only twenty soldiers.

The spark igniting the revolt was struck the first week of June 1781, when a large party of California-bound colonists arrived with a great herd of nearly 1,000 horses and cattle. These animals immediately broke into the Quechans' fields with devastating results. And, adding to the natives' fury, the Spanish travelers requisitioned food and livestock

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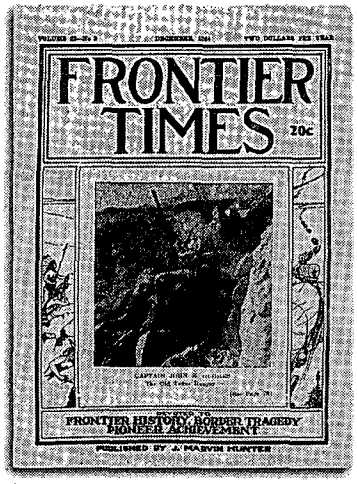
supplies from their involuntary hosts.

On the morning of July 17, when the large party and its military escort moved away, hundreds of Quechan warriors suddenly rushed at the pueblos' remaining inhabitants. Painted for battle and brandishing lances, bows, and war clubs, the Indians killed every Spaniard in their path, though Salvador Palma, who still maintained some shaky control, was able to save some. Father Garces was and his three fellow Franciscans were not so lucky.

In all 105 Spanish men, women, and children were slaughtered and at least 76 were held prisoner until ransomed later by the frustrated government in Mexico City.

The Quechens had also suffered their own dead and wounded, but they'd regained their land and destroyed the power of the foreign soldiers and holy men. They had also shown the other wilder tribes the weakness of the whites—something that would be remembered in the long days to come.—*Bill Garwood, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.*

YESTERDAY...



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Dodge City Merchant

The Merchant Prince of Dodge City: The Life and Times of Robert M. Wright. By C. Robert Haywood. (University of Oklahoma Press, 4100 28th Avenue NW, Norman, Oklahoma 73069-8212. Photo-graphs, illustrations. 236 pages. $27.95 Cloth.)

Robert M. Wright was a bull whacker and stagecoach driver, a post trader and businessman, a state legislator and postmaster, a success and failure. He was president of the Dodge City Town Company and a major player on local, state, regional, and even national levels. In many ways, he *was* Dodge City, a man whose life seemed to correspond with the ups and downs of the western Kansas town. Wright prospered during Dodge City's heyday only to lose most of his fortune during the town's decline.

Yet he remains a largely forgotten figure in the settlement of the western frontier.

Relying heavily on Wright's book, *Dodge City: The Cowboy Capital and the Great Southwest*, and contemporary newspaper accounts, C. Robert Haywood attempts to chronicle Wright's life in *The Merchant Prince of Dodge City*. Haywood, emeritus professor of history at Washburn University in Topeka, Kansas, follows Wright from his arrival west in 1859 to his death in 1915.

This slim volume is an excellent look at the early years of Dodge City but is hurt by inconsistencies and an incomplete examination of its subject.

Considering its subject, *The Merchant Prince of Dodge City* is surprisingly emotionless. Wright married four times—his first wife, Alice Armstrong Wright, was only thirteen when they wed (Wright was nineteen) in 1879 and she died at age forty-six—and went through one divorce. Yet Haywood skims over Wright's personal life.

Haywood offers much insight into Dodge City in the 1800s and Robert M. Wright the merchant, but not enough into Robert M. Wright the man.

Perhaps that isn't Haywood's

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fault. After all, he writes that "Today Wright is not well known, even in the town he helped to mature...." and was a man who "left no record of even his most immediate past."

In the end, *The Merchant Prince of Dodge City* comes across as an adequate but unsatisfying biography of a man who was once a town leader but is now mostly forgotten.—*Johnny D. Boggs, Santa Fe, New Mexico.*

California Governor

Juan Alvarado: Governor of California, 1836-1842. By Robert Ryal Miller. (University of Oklahoma Press, 4100 28th Avenue NW, Norman, Oklahoma 73069. Illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. 216 pages. $29.95 Cloth.)

Compared to the Gold Rush and thereafter, we know little about the Mexican years of California history, other than the fact that the Franciscan missions were closed half-way through the period. Their chapels were converted to parish churches for the Christian Indians and much of the latter's land was distributed to prominent *Californios.* The resultant land-grant *ranchos* then dominated California society and economics until the Mexican War of 1846 and American control of the province.

This twilight of Hispanic California was, politically, a very complicated and confused time, and sometimes downright chaotic, almost anarchic. There were *coups de etat* and (bloodless) civil wars. Either sixteen or seventeen governors—almost one per year!—tried to rule at Monterey, when the capital was not tugged and pulled to Los Angeles or San Diego by jealous southern partisans. All the while, Britain, France, and Russia ignored the Monroe Doctrine to poke into provincial affairs, much to the distress of an aggressive United States of America, the worst meddler of all. All lusted for the province and its great port of San Francisco Bay.

We are doubly grateful to Dr. Miller for this excellent book on the missing piece of the puzzle of Mexican California's history. The two other prime movers and shakers of the era, General M.G. Vallejo and Captain John A. Sutter, have been the subjects of many books, especially Sutter. But this is the first-ever book on Governor Alvarado, and it is a model biography. Miller's "style" is anything but flashy or academically high-falutin'. It is simply brevity and clarity of writing—readability—plus a gift for making heads and tails of bewildering historical matters. Thus, this book becomes more than just a biography; it is a first-rate history, in brief, of the trials and tribulations of the transitional period between Spanish and American rule on the coast.

Juan Alvarado was, arguably, the most important governor of Mexican California. He was California's first civilian governor, its first revolutionary governor to be recognized by the central government in Mexico City, its first chief executive to serve a full six-year term. He may not have been the only heavy drinker in that high office, but he was surely the most effective one. He was so complete an alcoholic that he missed his initial inauguration and even his own marriage ceremony (yielding to a proxy) because of either a drunken stupor or a corrosive hangover.

And yet, this hard-swigging womanizer, with the help of his uncle, Vallejo, the latter's rival, Sutter, and a so-so general, José Castro, managed to hold together for more than six years a badly neglected, distant, and almost disintegrating frontier province, threatened by imperialism at the same time that it was being torn apart by sectionalism.

What a shame that such a fine book as this should be sabotaged by the art/design department at the University of Oklahoma Press. The volume is issued without a dustjacket! Perhaps this is to better show off the "purty" bright color of its cloth binding. It is either "jade" or a bilious (toxic) green, *chacun a son gout,* with the lettering, for some unfathomable reason, in "copper"-colored ink. Ugh!—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

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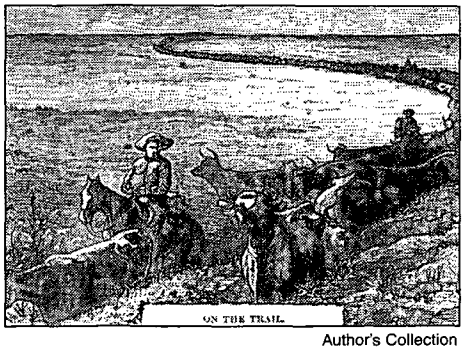
Chisholm Trail Blazer?

Some time back I received from Ballita Schafer, Needles, California, a clipping and photograph dealing with Thornton Chisholm, early South Texas cattleman. Ballita shared with me information about the annual Chisholm Trail Days Festival held in Abilene, Kansas, during the first part of October. This reminded her of the Chisholm buried in the Needles, California, cemetery and sent a photograph of the grave marker of Daniel Fore "Jim" Chisholm. Besides the birth and death dates, March 20, 1866-October 1, 1954, the marker informs us that Daniel was the son of Thornton Chisholm, "who blazed the famous Chisholm Trail from Clinton, Texas to St. Joseph, Missouri."

Although I certainly appreciate receiving material from readers I do feel a correction, or at least a clarification, is needed in this case. There is considerable controversy about the founding of the famed Chisholm Trail, on which thousands of longhorns were driven to Kansas railheads. The controversy revolves about the names of two individuals named Chisholm, and the similarity of the other name "Chisum."

First, let us consider John Simpson Chisum, famed cattle king of New Mexico, and who provided the inspiration for the John Wayne movie, *Chisum.* Chisum certainly blazed a number of cattle trails, but he had nothing to do with blazing a trail to Kansas markets. During the Civil War, he drove cattle eastward to Shreveport, Louisiana, or Fort Smith, Arkansas, destined for Confederate soldiers. After the Civil War, he moved from Texas westward to New Mexico, so any trails he may have "blazed" were east or west, but none north to Kansas.



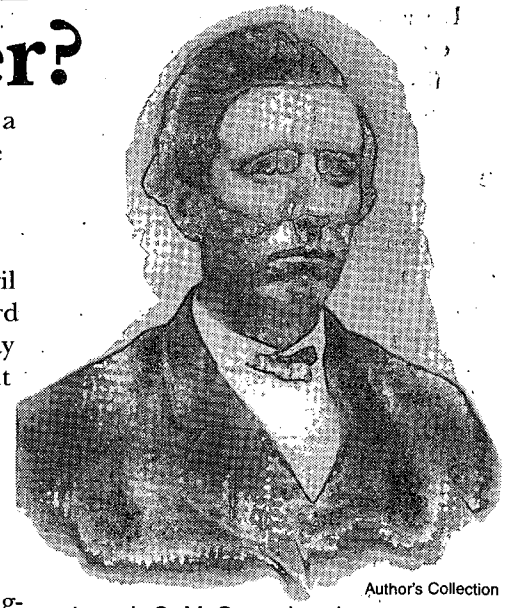
Author's Collection

An artist's depiction of a herd of longhorns on the trail to Kansas markets. From *Harper's Weekly* May 2, 1874.

For the man whose name is historically linked to the famous Chisholm Trail we turn to Cherokee half-blood Jesse Chisholm. Although from movies and western novels it is easy to imagine the Chisholm Trail originating in deep Texas, at first it was some 220 miles long, extending south from where Wichita, Kansas, is today to just west of Oklahoma City. This relatively short pathway was originally a stretch that Jesse Chisholm had used. Then came Joseph G. McCoy, who decided to designate a specific route for cattlemen to use to get their herds to his market. McCoy hired a civil engineer named Tim F. Hersey and a crew to mark off a trail from Abilene, Kansas, to Wichita, and then south across Oklahoma and into north Texas. Hersey followed the most convenient route, and the success that followed guaranteed the name "Chisholm Trail" to be used to designate the route for cattlemen to aim their herds at.

From many points in south Texas herds were driven towards the designated pathway (what became in general present-day I-35) to feed onto the Chisholm Trail. These smaller "fingers" led into the main trail, in appearance much like tributaries feed into a larger river.

As for the claim of Thornton Chisholm being the "founder" of the famed Chisholm Trail there is no documentation to support it; further, Joseph G. McCoy, whose grand scheme was so successful, denied even knowing any Chisholm connected with the trail! It seems safe to conclude that Jesse Chisholm's name must remain connected with the trail as the founder.



Author's Collection

Joseph G. McCoy, when he was mayor of Abilene, Kansas about 1871.

The "Good" Daltons and Youngers

Mr. William A. Tennis, Floral Park, New York, inquires about the non-outlaw siblings of the notorious Youngers and Daltons and wonders if there are descendants.

Of the Youngers, Henry Washington and Bursheba L. Fristoe Younger produced fourteen children. Among the non-outlaws was Laura Helen who married William H. Kelly; they had three children. Isabela Frances married Richard S. Hall; they had six children. Charles Richard Younger died before marriage and had no children. Mary Josephine married John Jarrett; they had two children. Carolina married George M. Clayton; they also had two children. Sarah Ann married Jephthah Duncan; they had six children. Alphae died as a child. Emilly J. married Kitt P. Rose; they had three children. Henrietta married A.B. Rawlins; they had no children. The non-outlaw Youngers had a total of twenty-eight children, so there are bound to be descendants alive today. For further genealogical material consult Marley Brant's *The*

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Families of Charles Lee and Henry Washington Younger—A Genealogical Sketch and *The Outlaw Youngers.*

Lewis and Adelina Dalton produced fifteen children, ten boys and five girls.

Most of the Dalton offspring never took to the outlaw trail. Brothers Charles Benjamin and Henry Coleman Dalton never married. Louis Kossuth died at the age of seven. Bea Elizabeth married twice; the first marriage produced a daughter who died as a child, the second produced five children. Lawman Frank Dalton was killed before marriage. Eva May married J.N. Whipple and they had at least one child. Leona R. never married. Nancy May married Charles M. Clute; they had one son. Simon Noel married Minnie McDaniel, but they had no children. Simon's twin, Hanna Adeline, died at birth.

Emmett Dalton, after serving his prison time, may be considered at that point a "non-outlaw" and married Julia J. Lewis, but the marriage produced no children. Oddly enough, the fifteen children of Lewis and Adeline Dalton produced very few children of their own, only seven who lived past childhood.

For the most authoritative work on the Daltons—outlaw and non-outlaws—consult Nancy B. Samuelson's *The Dalton Gang Family—A Genealogical Study of the Dalton Outlaws and Their Family Connections* as well as Samuleson's *The Dalton Gang Story.*

A Civil War Spencer?

John Cortese sends via e-mail a question dealing with an antique weapon. He has inherited from his father-in-law a Spencer carbine, serial number 14,943, and wonders if it could have been used in the Civil War.

The Spencer carbines were manufactured by the Spencer Repeating Rifle Company out of Boston, Massachusetts. During their peak years some 144,500 were produced, of which about two-thirds were sold to the United States government. The usual markings on top of the frame were "SPENCER

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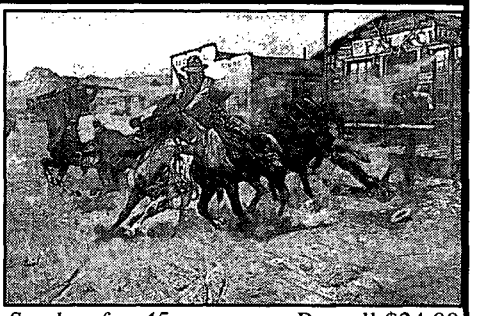

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President Abraham Lincoln, who occasionally observed weapons testing, gave the Spencer his personal endorsement, which no doubt helped its promotion. The Civil War models were generally .52-caliber rimfire with a twenty-two-inch barrel. Approximately 50,000 were manufactured, with serial numbers ranging from 11,000 to 61,000.

Therefore it would appear that this Spencer carbine was in existence during the Civil War period. To state that it was "used" in the Civil War, however, cannot be documented on the basis of the serial number alone.

R.S. Mortimer

Reader Justin W. Nesius, Rensselaer, Indiana, is a lucky man indeed! While cleaning a basement he found pieces "of an old gun." After digging up all the pieces and expending a lot of hard elbow grease (not to mention penetrating oils and other solvents), he was able to get the gun together and working. It has a thirty-two-inch double barrel and mule ear hammers. The only visible markings appear to be R.S. MORTIMER. "Was there a manufacturer by this name?"

All I have been able to locate is that during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, there was a firm which began as Mortimer and Kirkland. From 1875-1880 they were in Boston, Massachusetts. Apparently Kirkwood took over as sole owner about 1880 and then about 1888 the firm became Kirkwood Brothers. After the early 1900s the company apparently closed. I suggest in this case to take the piece to a reputable antique arms dealer hopefully to obtain additional information as to its history and its current value.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations june not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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THE SAGA OF THE AUSTRALIAN CATTLE DOG

Author's Collection
The Australian cattle dog.

By Bill Kelly

Author's Collection
Australian shepherd.

Early American settlers from Australia brought with them both livestock and a new breed of dog developed in the mid-1800s. A lot of experimentation went into finding the perfect mixture that could endure rigors of the undulating dunes of the Australian frontier, "where vast grazing grounds strewn with sage and bushland were unenclosed, and hundreds, even thousands of miles of vast emptiness were opened to shifting wild cattle.

Cattle running loose on these sun-drenched wastelands were fidgety and uncontrollable. The first colonists in Australia, having limited accessibility to station hands to work the large herds of cattle, needed a breed of dog to help muster and move cattle. The chief requirement of this breed was that it be a noiseless, working dog with a peaceful temperament, yet a dog with enough stamina and enlightenment to get wild cattle to the sale yards safely.

Many crossbreeds were tested and eventually found to be inadequate, the most notable being the small and courageous bull terrier.

The bull terrier was found to be a tireless worker, mindful, and playful well into middle age (5-6 years). A characteristic of this bloodline was to be extremely attached to its owner to the point of not wanting other dogs around. They were great guard dogs, capable of guarding the family against the physical assays of strangers. However, they had a tendency to become possessive and jealous and required constant and firm discipline. Because these dogs were found to be generally free of disabling genetic diseases, they were an attractive prospect for early settlers.

All this sounded like characteristics of the perfect cattle dog; however, when used as a cross, there were certain drawbacks that annoyed early day trail drovers.

On a quiet, lonely night on the prairie, the dog became bored and destructive, often biting small calves. Owners of this breed found it was impossible to break other unpleasant bad habits, such as incessant barking.

The best of the early cattle dogs were of the sheepdog type, called "smithfields," a name derived from Smithfield meat markets in London. These dogs were admirably proportioned, black, and bobtailed, with white-collar necks. Slender and streamlined, they were the pride of the British Isles. Although Australians found them to be quite cunning and intelligent, they lacked stamina for the brusque climates of the upcountry. Old-time cattlemen amassing great herds in the sun-blasted desert verbena, found them to be repugnant helpers; they complained that Smithfields injured too many cows with their severe nip. Rovers driving herds along a stretch of trail complained that their loud, soulful bark sent terror-stricken cattle off in a hasty departure.

Another dog used to work cattle was the Australian shepherd, actually used on the American frontier first. There is much controversy over the foundations of its origins. Some claim the dogs came over with droves of merino sheep; others say they arrived in Australia from Spain when the first merino sheep were transported to America. Still others claim they were Australian sheepdogs derived from the smithfield and some type of collie, possibly the bearded collie, or its ancestor.

On the open range, these dogs were used to control both sheep and cattle, developing a admirable reputation as a favorable working dog. During the early days of the American West, these dogs were held in reverence by Indians because of their peculiar blue eyes. The Indians called them the "ghost-eyed ones," and any herd traveling with one of these hallowed "spirit" dogs went unharmed. If for no other reason, the Australian shepherd played an important part in the taming of the West.

A man named Timmins had a vast admiration and almost dog-like affection for cattle dogs. A desert-eroded cattle thief, he wanted a quiet, easy-to-train dog that would be suitable for Australia's roughened frontier. He needed a silent working dog with stamina and a forgiving temperament to help him steal cattle.

Timmins was an expert with a rope and a branding iron, and with so many hundreds of cattle roaming the backlands there were always some who managed to escape roundups and carried no brand. These mavericks, Timmins felt, belonged to the man who first put his logo on them. But it was no easy task driving whole herds back home

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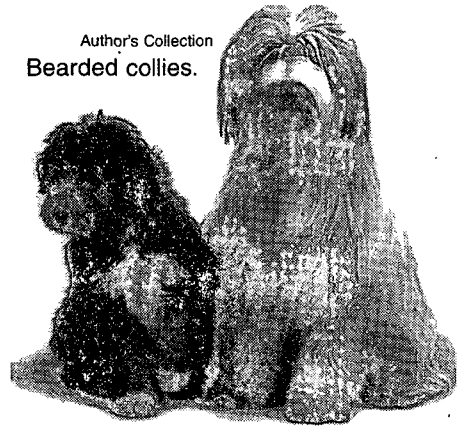
where he could label his cache, and then drive the cows to market. He needed a helper unique in the spectrum of dogs.

With this in mind, he crossbred a Smithfield with the native Australian dingo. The result was a red, bobtailed breed that drovers in the Old West called stumpy tail cattle dogs, or "Timmins biters." He knew that the dingo was a barkless dog with a useful characteristic of herding its prey, then coming from behind and nipping at a calf. He knew that the Smithfield was a indefatigable worker, both intelligent and stalwart.

The result was a wiry, tireless, quick-witted worker. This crossbreed, while having the same natural aptitude in working and control of cattle as its cousin, the Australian cattle dog, also had the capacity to rationalize and remember things. They were perfect for night rustling. The problem was, they showed the same evil character as the dingo; when their owners weren't looking, they attacked, maimed, and even killed caves.

Author's Collection

Bearded collies.



The offspring from this union had the leg length of a dingo and a high set undocked tail, no longer than four inches. Although ranchers used this crossbreed for a while, they eventually gave up because the dogs were far too headstrong to work cattle. Other crossbreeding was tried, such as the rough collie-bull terrier mixture. While the rough collie had been valued for years as sheepherders, crossing it with the bull terrier created a steel-muscled breed as stubborn as a Missouri mule.

Still searching for an independent thinker, fully capable of carrying out regular chores without guidance, ranchers tried interbreeding smooth-coated blue merle Scottish highland collies with selected dingoes. In the 1840s a relentless old trail driver named Tom Hall from New South Wales, tried this and came up with a cattle dog that had both the hardiness of the dingo and the herding abilities of the blue smooth highland collie. This combination would become known as Hall's heelers, today called blue heelers or Queensland heelers.

Although this crossing eliminated their inclination to bark at the cattle, they still had the baneful habit found in previous herding dogs; they crept up on calves and took a chunk out of them, thus sending cattle off into frenzied stampedes. There were reports that some stampeded cattle dropped dead of sheer exhaustion. Several cattlemen reported that when they finally got their cattle to market the beef was several pounds lighter than what was expected because of all the extra exertion. Hall continued his experimental highland dingo-collie civility until his death on May 28, 1870.

The hunt for the perfect cattle dog continued with vigor. Two weedy youths named Harry and Jack Bagust considered crossing a Hall's heeler bitch with select dalmatian bloodlines.

In Victorian times, the dalmatian gained a reputation as a carriage dog and ran with horses, sometimes out in front, but usually beside the carriage of the nobility. The Bagusts theorized that the dalmatian's natural affinity with horses would hold over to cattle. Researching the dalmatians, the brothers discovered this breed was not only a perfect companion and a reliable watch dog, but also strong and exceedingly active. Its sensitive nature required human company and affection. In addition, it was relatively free from inherited problems compared to other breeds they had considered. Since the main purpose of this cross was to instill in the dogs the love of horses and protective-

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ness toward owner and property (in this case cattle), this breed seemed the very answer.

The admixture changed the merle color to red or blue speckle. As with dalmatians, the pups were born white, developing more towards the "heeler" color from approximately three weeks of age.

The combination was successful, inasmuch as the dogs were invaluable guardians of the stockman and his herd; but much of the working ability was lost. After admiring this ability in the black and tan kelpie, the brothers crossed the kelpie with their white speckled dogs.

This blending produced a very intelligent, obedient cattle dog, built like thick-set dingoes. Through selective breeding, these dogs eventually became the descendants of the present-day Australian cattle dog.

The Australian kelpie, more than any other cattle dog, contributed greatly to the industry. Tireless workers in the hottest and dustiest of climates, it was able to do the work of several drovers, since it was known to travel over 100 miles in one day.

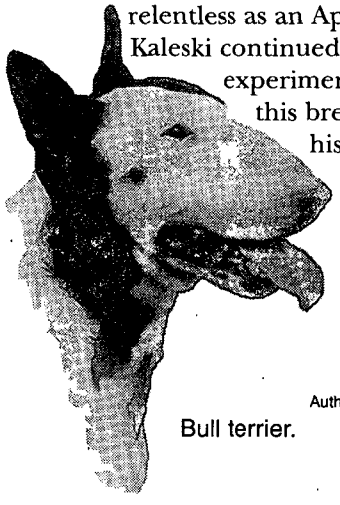
The origins of the kelpie are unauthenticated, but in *Sheepdogs, Their Breeding, Maintenance and Training*, by Dr. R.B. Kelleyan, an excerpt from a letter from a Jack King claims:

> Being the last of the Kings of Hanging Rock and Woolengongh Stations, I am giving a true and reliable statement of the origins of the Kelpie. The Kelpie, or old Kelpie, known by the name of tinge on her coat when the sun shone on her. When she worked her ears went up and down. Her sire and dam were imported from Scotland by the late Mr. George Robertson of Warrack Station, Victoria. Mr. Gleeson, who was living at Murray Dunrobin Station, Victoria, secured one bitch pup from the litter and called her "Kelpie," (meaning "watersprite" in Gaelic) a Border Collie. When Mr. Gleeson came to Albury, he met his old friend Mark Tully, who gave him a smooth-haired, black, prick eared dog called "Moss," which Mr. Tully had brought from Mr. Rutherford of Yarrawinga Station. The sire and dam of Moss were imported from Scotland.

Although the kelpie has a close resemblance in type to the Australian native dingo, the presence of dingo blood in the makeup of this breed is highly disputed. This dog today is ideal for herding sheep or cattle, but very unsuitable for suburban fenced-in yards. He is well known in the showing and obedience ring, where he excels, as well as on the open range. In the showing, the allowable colors are black, black and tan, red, red and tan, fawn, smoke blue, and chocolate. The coat is moderately short, flat, straight, and weather resistant.

In 1893, Robert Kaleski took an interest in this breed, flourishing it and stabilizing it until it was finally endorsed by the Cattle and Sheepdog Club of Australia and the Kennel Club of New South Wales in 1903. Kaleski's breed became official as the Australian cattle dog, generally known as the blue heeler, the Australian heeler, the Australian cattle dog, or the Queensland blue. From these beginnings the Australian cattle dog eventually developed into the "true blue" breed of dog that accompany drovers today.

Kaleski's breed had the physical appearance and mode of the dingo, which was ideal to endeavor the physical conditions of the country in which it was perfected. The dog was as quick as lightening and as relentless as an Apache. Kaleski continued to experiment with this breed until his death



Author's Collection

Bull terrier.

In the July issue of True West:

***The Case for David Crockett.* By Thom Hatch.** Under what circumstances did David Crockett die at the Alamo mission on March 6, 1836? Swinging his flintlock rifle in a desperate stand against an overwhelming force, or surrendering meekly and meeting his end by execution?

***The New Orleans Greys in the Texas Revolution.* By Gary Brown.** Utilizing the cover of darkness and unconventional, small-unit tactics, the New Orleans Greys assault San Antonio de Bexar with one objective in mind: The Alamo.

***Edward Burleson: A Man of Blood.* By David F. Crosby.** After his grandfather is murdered by Indians, finding and killing Indians becomes an obsession for Texan Edward Burleson.

***Wreck and Ruin on the Katy.* By Nancy M. Peterson.** The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad not only financed and orchestrated the collision of two trains, they invited 30,000 people to watch, with disastrous results.

True West *Legends: Charles B. McKinney.* By Chuck Parsons. Enlisting under Leander McNelly, seventeen-year-old Charlie McKinney rides to fame with the legendary Texas Rangers.

Look for the July 1999 True West on newsstands June 1, 1999.

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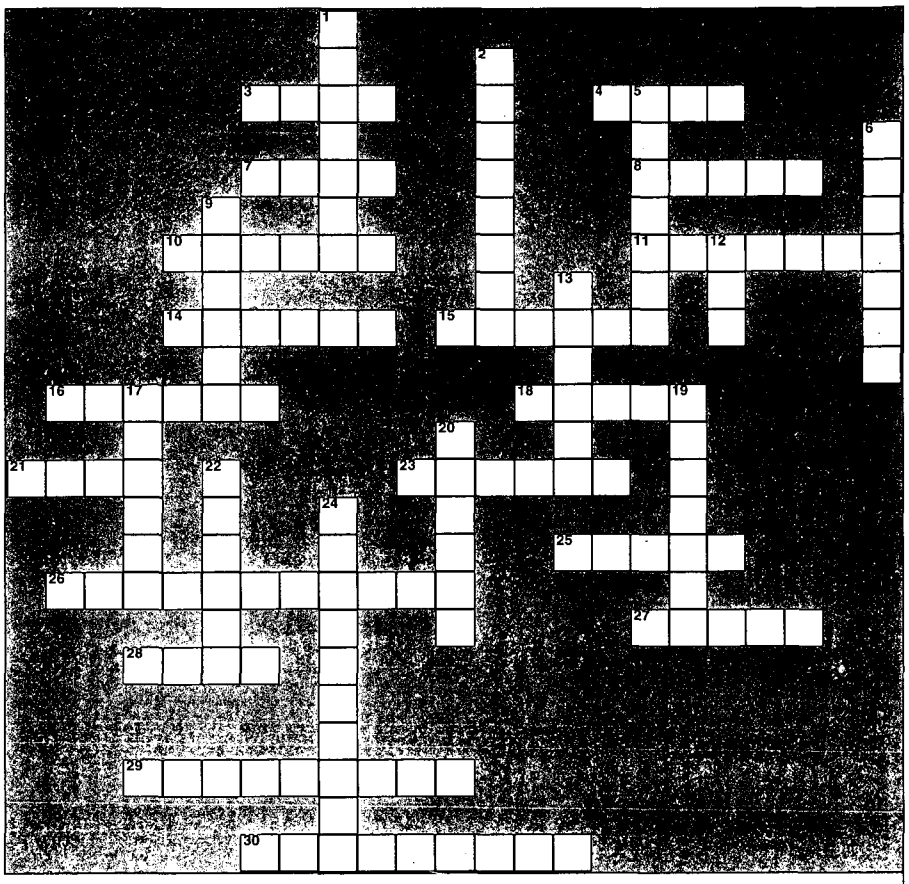
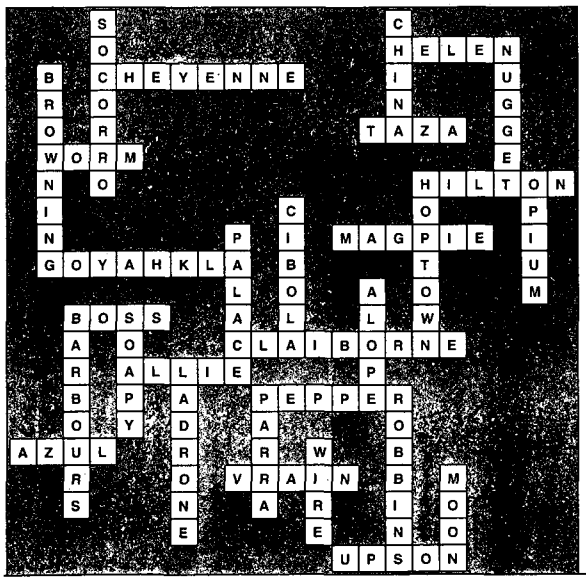


Across

3. _____ Express
4. George Scarborough's wife
7. Aka Polk Wells
8. A play Lotta Crabtree revived
10. Friend and mentor to Lotta Crabtree
11. Jose _____, one of Garrett's deputies
14. Aka Bill Norris
15. John Poe's partner
16. _____, New Mexico is where George Scarborough is buried
18. The Crabtree's had _____ children
21. Thomas _____, an early owner of San Augustine holdings
23. Wesley Park was a _____
25. Author of *The Longhorns*
26. Where Charles Clay and Nancy Smith were married
27. Successor of Thomas Bull to the San Augustine holdings
28. Blue heelers were bred by Tom _____
29. Age George Scarborough married
30. John Chisum's _____ outfit

Down

1. A family massacred by Arapahoe Indians
2. Shot George Scarborough in the face
5. Lotta Crabtree's profession
6. _____ and Stephenson mines were valuable
9. Author of *Stirrup High*
12. He was once a buffalo hunter
13. John Poe's wife
17. Author of *Juan Alvarado*
19. Lotta Crabtree's parents were both _____
20. Had a homestead adjacent to the San Augustine
22. Sculpted first Pony Express statue
24. Led the attack at Sand Creek



Solution to last month's puzzle.

in 1961.

During the 1940s, Dr. Allan McNiven, an Australian veterinarian, excited interest with his new breed of Australian cattle dog. This line was alert, extremely intelligent, watchful, and especially courageous. The class eventually took America by storm, and U.S. cattlemen imported them by the hundreds. But the Royal Agricultural Society Kennel Council cringed when they discovered Dr. McNiven's dogs were not traceable to the registered dogs in Australia but to the dingo, and his breed of dogs were immediately blackballed from the registry.

The American Kennel Club took over the lineage registry in 1979, and the Australian cattle dog was finally recognized in 1980.

Over the years, the Australian cattle dog has accomplished everything ever expected of a working dog. American owners report that it likes to feel useful and is only happy when performing a job equal to the challenges of its physical and mental abilities. Long runs and human company are especially important to this breed of dog. If these needs are not met, it can become quite evil, noisy, and agitated to the point of being destructive.

Today's Australian cattle dog, also used by various American cattlemen, is a dauntless, hardy, rational working dog with efficacy and forbearance unlike any other dog of its size. They are extremely robust, displaying the ability to do more than their fair share of the work. Capable of quick and sudden turns, excellent in both wide open spaces and in close quarters of yards, they are known for their protectiveness and allegiance to master and possessions. Although gentle creatures by nature, they will show aggression if cattle are threatened by man or beast. Many of these dogs have laid down their lives when larger animals or groups of animals threaten to kill calves or cows on the open range.

No further experimental matings have ever been practiced with any success.

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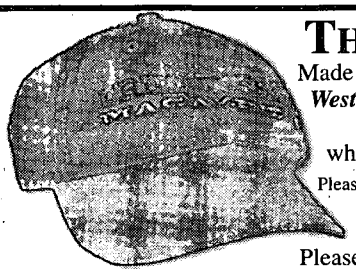

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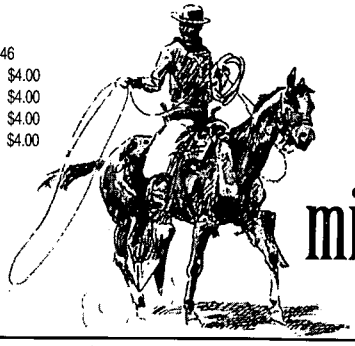

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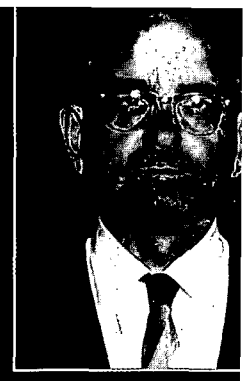

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